The Outlook

Volume 147 November 9, 1927 Number 10

Fear

By Edna St. Vincent Millay

THERE are two names you would not have me mention, for you are sick of the sound of them. All men must die, you say, and these men have died, and would that their names might die with them; would that their names were as names written in the sand, you say, to be dissipated by the next incoming tide! For you long to return to your gracious world of a year ago, where people had pretty manners and did not raise their voices; where people whom you knew, whom you had entertained in your houses, did not shout and weep and walk the streets vulgarly carrying banners, because two quite inconsequential people, two men who could not even speak good English, were about to be put forever out of mischief's way. *Do* let us forget, you say; after all, what *does* it matter?

You are right; it does not matter very much. In a world more beautiful than this it would have mattered more. On the surface of a Christianity already so spotted and defaced by the crimes of the Church this stain does not show very dark. In a freedom already so riddled and gashed by the crimes of the state this ugly rent is with difficulty to be distinguished at all.

And you are right; it is well to forget that men die. So far we have devised no way to defeat death, or to outwit him, or to buy him over. At any moment the cloud may split above us and the golden spear of death leap at the heart; at any moment the earth crack and the hand of death reach up from the abyss to grasp our ankles; at any moment the wind rise and sweep the roofs from our houses, making one dust of our ceilings and ourselves. And if not, we shall die soon, anyhow. It is well to forget that this is so.

But that man before his time, wantonly and without sorrow, is thrust from the light of the sun into the darkness of the grave by his brother's blindness or fear it is well to remember, at least until it has been shown to the satisfaction of all that this too is beyond our power to change.

TWO months ago, in Massachusetts, these men whom I do not name were efficiently despatched out of the sunlight into the darkness of the grave. The executions of the death sentence upon them went forward without interference; there were no violent demonstrations. Whatever of agitation there was has steadily decreased since that night. Today things are very quiet. From time to time some small newspaper remarks editorially that the hysteria which swept the country has abated, and congratulates its readers upon having escaped disintegration. Aside from this there is little comment. The general opinion is that the affair has pretty well blown over. And the world sleeps easy on this pillow.

Yet if all is quiet today, it is more for this reason than for any other; that though you sit in the same room with a man you cannot hear his thoughts. And the tumult is in the mind;

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the shouting and rioting are in the thinking mind. Nothing has abated; nothing has changed; nothing is forgotten. It is as if the two months which have elapsed were but the drawing of a breath. In very truth, for those who sat in silence on that night of the 22d of August, waiting for news from the prison, and in silence when the news came, it is still the night of the 22d of August, for there has been no dawn.

I do not call these men by name, for I know how nervous and irritable you become at the sight of these names on the printed page; how your cheek flushes and you cluck with exasperation; how you turn to your family with words on your tongue which in former days you would not have used at all—"vipers, vermin, filth." This is because you were just dozing off nicely again after the shocking uproar of two months ago, and do not wish to be disturbed. You are as cross as an old dog asleep on the hearth if I shake you and try to get you out into the rainy wind. This is because what you most want out of life is not to be disturbed. You wish to lie peacefully asleep for a few years yet, and then to lie peacefully dead.

If you should rouse yourself for a moment and look about you at the world, you would be troubled, I think, and feel less peaceful and secure, seeing how it is possible for a man as innocent as yourself of any crime to be cast into prison and be killed. For whether or not these men whom I do not name were guilty of the crime of murder, it was not for murder that they died. The crime for which they died was the crime of breathing upon the frosty window and looking out.

"These Anarchists!" you say; "shall I never hear the last of them?"

Indeed, I fear it will be some time before you hear the last of them. I do not mean by this what you think I mean. I do not mean that plotting mischief is afoot, that thousands of people hitherto gentle and retired are now grimly engaged in fashioning engines of death to plant beneath the State House floor. This is not what I mean, although you will say it is what I meant.

IT is of your children I was thinking, your young sons and daughters, your grandsons and granddaughters, these young people with whom you have already so much difficulty, because, as you say, they have so few illusions. How often already have they not stood looking at you coldly while with warm cheek and faltering accent you presented your pretty concepts: duty, honor, courage, purity, sacrifice—those fragile dolls of yours, that are always dressed for summer, no matter what the sky?

Your children heard you discussing the case in question. "Anarchists, murderers, Anarchists, Anarchists." This was your discussion of the case. They looked at you, yawned, and left the room.

Their minds are dark to you. But they are busy. Out of your sight they read, they ponder, they work things out. In your presence they often sit in a not too respectful silence, interrupting suddenly your placid remarks by their brisk utterance of some untidy truth never mentioned in your house before.

They are frankly occupied chiefly with the real business of life, which, as everybody knows, is having your own way, and getting as much as possible for as little as possible. It is you who have taught them this angular truth; you have failed only in that you have not been able to impart to them as well the ruffles and passementerie with which you are accustomed to adorn it. They were just beginning to look about them at life when war broke out and surrounded them with death. They know how important it is to have a good time while you can; in the next war it is they who will be taken.

As for their illusions, well, they have seen you at war, and they are beginning to understand why you went to war; they have seen you engaged in many another dubious and embarrassing activity; and now they have seen this. They who have been chidden time and again for having so little softness in them see now their parents, for all their gentle voices and courteous ways, more hard, more unscrupulous, more relentless, than themselves in their most iron moods. It is from these children, I fear, that you are likely to hear again on the subject, though not in so many words.

But, you say, what we did was done for the good of the country, to protect its honor, its institutions, the glory of its flag.

WHAT is this honor, that a breath can tarnish? This glory, that a whisper can bring it low? What are these noble institutions, that a wind from any quarter can set to trembling like towers of jelly?

You do not know exactly what they are. For you do not live with them. They are not trees to shade you, water to quench your thirst. They are golden coins, hidden under the mattress

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in a very soiled wallet. The only pleasure they afford you is the rapturous dread lest some one may be taking them away. And some one is taking them away. But not the one you think.

Unkindness, hypocrisy, and greed—these are the forces that shall bring us low and enslave our children. Yet we quarter their troops in our houses without a murmur. We show them where the treasure is hid. But they know it already.

This is the way you look at it: These men were Anarchists, and they are well out of the way; you are fortunate to have escaped destruction at their hands; they were probably murderers; but, in any case, they are well out of the way. It was that word Anarchist which brought them to the chair; that word, and your ignorance of its meaning.

FOR you do not at all know what an Anarchist is. And all through this trial in which the word Anarchist has played such an important part you have not even looked up the word in the dictionary, your position being that, in the first place, you know quite well enough, and, in the second place, you would think shame to know.

An Anarchist, you insist, is a man who makes bombs and puts them under the State House, and that is that. On the contrary, that is by no means that. The person you have in mind is not an Anarchist, he is a bomber. You will find him everywhere—among Anarchists, among Fascists, among dry-law enforcers, among Modernists, among Fundamentalists, and freely distributed throughout the Ku Klux Klan. He is that person who, when he does not like a thing, lynches it, tars and feathers it, lays a curse upon it, or puts a bomb under it. His name is legion, and you will find him in every party.

An Anarchist, according to the dictionary, is a person who believes that human beings are naturally good, and that if left to themselves they would, by mutual agreement, govern themselves much better and much more peaceably than they are being governed now by a government based on violence. An interesting theory. Nonsense, of course, because man is not naturally good; man is naturally cruel, selfish, and vain, and what he would be if left to his own devices it is horrible to contemplate. Still, it is an interesting concept, very idealistic, very pretty.

Of those who hold with the theory of Anarchism, the dictionary further tells us, there is one group whose members "occasionally resort to an act of violence against representatives of oppression to express a protest against, or to draw public attention to, existing social wrongs." (It is in this group that your bombers are happy and at home.) But "generally speaking," says the dictionary, "Anarchism repudiates violent methods, and hopes for a gradual evolution towards its goal."

AH, you will say, but these men belonged to the violent group!

Their history would indicate otherwise. Up to the time of their detention for the crime for which they were later sentenced to die no slightest act of violence had ever been attributed to either of them. There are those who would have given much to be able to bring to light against them such an act of violence, and were unable to do so; it is to the counsel for the prosecution that I refer. "Throughout the entire trial" (I quote the uncontested statement of one who was in a position to know the facts)—"not one word of testimony was introduced against their character for honesty, peace, and good order."

I am going into this in some detail because I find it interesting. You, I fear, find it not only uninteresting, but vaguely and uncomfortably obscene. Yet, after all, you have very plentifully had your say on the subject—that action of yours, you know, that spoke so much louder than any words.

These men were castaways upon our shore, and we, an ignorant and savage tribe, have put them to death because their speech and their manners were different from our own, and because to the untutored mind that which is strange is in its infancy ludicrous, but in its prime evil, dangerous, and to be done away with.

These men were put to death because they made you nervous; and your children know it. The minds of your children are like clear pools, reflecting faithfully whatever passes on the bank; whereas in the pool of your own mind, whenever an alien image bends above, a fish of terror leaps to meet it, shattering its reflection.

I AM free to say these things because I am not an Anarchist, although you will say that I am. It is unreasonable to you that a person should go to any trouble in behalf of another person unless the two are members of the same family, or of the same fraternity, or, at the re-

(*Continued on page 310*)

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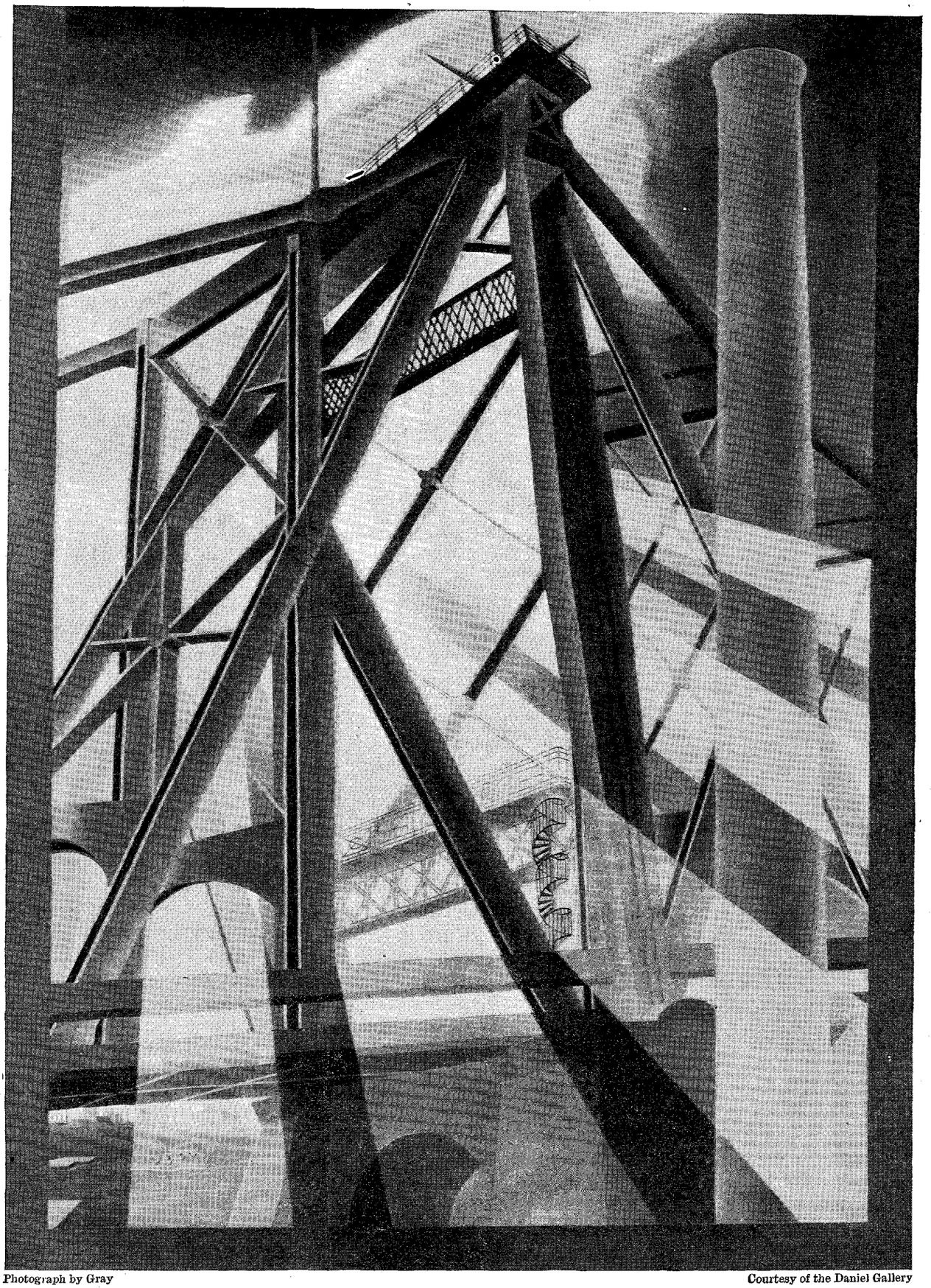

Photograph by Gray

Courtesy of the Daniel Gallery

QUEENSBOROUGH BRIDGE

By Elsie Driggs

This young American painter has put to her own uses some French surrealiste influences. She finds her inspiration in steel construction and tugboats and paints a synthesis of this aspect of New York

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THE WEEK

A Fight in Two Centuries

MAYOR THOMPSON, of Chicago, is recruiting his hosts for his campaign of super-patriotism. He is excitedly living all over again the Revolution of 1776; but has the advantage of drumming up his followers from masses of people that are anti-British by tradition. Mayor Thompson has the great advantage of living and seeking votes in what is called the biggest German city in the world. That's an advantage that General George Washington never enjoyed. Mayor Thompson also has the support of the American Association for the Recognition of the Irish Republic. In 1776 the Irish weren't helping out American politicians. So Mayor Thompson has all the advantage of enlisting troops in the twentieth century for a revolution in the eighteenth. Nobody in history ever was so favored.

His plan as he has launched it is to establish the "America First Foundation." He has invited the mayors of cities larger than twenty thousand, Representatives in Congress, Senators, and Governors of States to fall in behind him. "Membership fee $10."

Mayor Thompson's invitation to the Mayor of Beloit, Wisconsin, was turned over to the Beloit America First Club, which replied:

> Wisconsin's pro-British Conservation Commission protects English pheasants introduced into this State to make our loyal Germans dissatisfied with their spareribs and sauerkraut. In the name of 100 per cent Americans, can't you do something about it? Under your starry banner we will fight for the complete extermination of English pheasants, English sparrows, and English bulldogs. Don't let King George buy you off.

Meantime Mayor Thompson has made sure that his banner, starry or otherwise, receives attention and respect. This banner in the form of a pennant is draped in the room of the President of the Chicago Board of Education. Here are the shock troops massed against Dr. William McAndrew, the Chicago Superintendent of Schools.

According to the canons of proper observance of respect for the flag of the United States, no flag except that of the cross is ever flown above it. But in the room of the President of the Chicago Board of Education above the Star-Spangled Banner hangs Mayor Thompson's pennant.

According to Mayor Thompson himself, there is something above even America first—Mayor Thompson's propaganda.

Lost at Sea

How many ships and how many lives have been saved by Marconi's invention through the wireless S. O. S.? We do not know the answer to that question, but almost every week some such incident is reported. It is certain that but for the wireless the Principessa Mafalda's 1,256 passengers and crew would have gone down when the vessel plunged into the depths off the coast of Brazil.

Nearly three-fourths of the lives endangered were saved because of the rush to the scene of the disaster of one rescue ship after another, and thus was prevented a sea tragedy that would have ranked in fatalities with the sinking of the Titanic and the Lusitania.

Had it not been for the wireless, it is also probable that the Mafalda would have been listed among the many ships that have gone out into the sea never to be heard from again. That roll of missing ships is full of tragedy and mystery. Poets have written of the loss of the President in 1841 and the Pacific in 1856; both were lost in ways unknown; and, as the reader runs an eye down the record of later sea disasters, he comes upon such strange disappearances as those of four British steamships which left England in one month in 1885, not one of which was ever reported or seen again, or of our naval auxiliary Cyclops, which left Barbados in 1918 with 273 men on board and simply vanished at sea.

The cause of the Mafalda's loss was the explosion of her boilers. That is nowadays a rare thing to happen in a passenger ship, although in the early days of steamboating such disasters were exceedingly common.

The commander of the ship, Captain Guli, was faithful to the tradition of sea heroism and went down on his bridge, while the radio operator, after saving the vessel by standing at his post, died, a hero also. Captain Guli's last words by wireless were in praise of the bravery of the crew and the men passengers. Some reports speak of panic; horror and suffering there certainly were. The ship carried lifeboats enough to hold all; but a rush of steerage passengers capsized two lifeboats, and the time was too short to get all aboard the smaller boats.

Perhaps the day may come when airship voyages may have fewer disasters recorded than steamships have now.

Rumania's Prodigal Son

CAROL, once Crown Prince of Rumania, who renounced a kingdom for a love affair, is challenging Bratianu, Premier and real dictator at Bucharest. In exile in Paris, Carol has declared his candidacy for the throne which has been given to his little five-year-old son, Mihai. He has separated from the lady for whom an infatuation caused him the disapproval and antagonism of Bratianu. And he has announced himself ready to respond to a call from his country.

That call—if it should be uttered—would be hard to hear. Bratianu would smother it. He has appointed a Regency of three to act for the boy King Mihai, and even in the face of a tendency on the part of the Regents to oppose him he enforces his will in the land. To Dowager Queen Marie, when she wanted to go to Paris lately to see her son Carol, he is reported to have said: "I have had enough of your family affairs. If you

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make any more trouble, I will declare a republic."

Bratianu had Carol's messenger Manoilescu, who was carrying his master's answer to questions put by political party leaders friendly to the former Crown Prince, arrested. And he has

Crown Prince Carol

declared martial law and asserted that he will treat all agitators for a change in the national rule as rebels. That is a statesmanlike move, characteristic of him, which will clear the air. Following it he secured from the Rumanian Parliament—which of course he controls—a vote of confidence.

Bratianu is a strong man who regards Carol as an unstable individual. He has argued that in power Carol would be dangerous to Rumania's interests. If Carol could have visited his father, the late King Ferdinand, before his death, a reconciliation might have resulted which would have opened the way to the royal heritage. But Bratianu foresaw just that, and kept Carol out of Rumania and the fatted calf safe in his own hands. From the National Peasants' Party, led by Julius Maniu, which favors Carol, he faces formidable opposition.

But Bratianu comes of a father who knew how to run Rumania, and he seems able to maintain the tradition.

The Advance in Air Science

We shall see new and strange things in the air before long if tests and plans now discussed succeed. To say nothing of the super-Zeppelins under construction abroad, the Curtiss Company hopes to build within a year a "perpendicular" airplane, embodying in part the helicopter and auto-gyro principles, but free from the "whirling dervish" tendencies that has marked former experiments. It is to justify its name by rising absolutely vertically and is expected to climb toward the sky at the rate of 1,900 feet a minute. In a lateral direction the flight will be limited in speed, but Army and Navy experts see in this type great possibilities for observation purposes; the air-mail service thinks it would be of use; and it may be an important contribution to aeronautical science.

How varied air navigation already is was shown at the opening of Daniel Field, the new airport at Augusta, Georgia, the other day. A blimp, pursuit planes, bombers, transports, observation planes, and two-seaters were among those present. Stunts and machine-gun target shooting helped to make a good show.

Plans and suggestions for new airports multiply. One proposal is to make Governors Island, in New York Bay, a large permanent airport for the Government and the metropolitan district; another is to build a great landing and take-off dock for seaplanes and amphibians at Twenty-third Street and the East River.

Twenty-four years ago next month the first airplane flew; what advance will the next quarter-century show?

An Assassin Acquitted

Not since the Dreyfus case have we had such a singular instance of emotionalism in French criminal trials as that which occurred in Paris last month. Those accustomed to Anglo-Saxon ideas of evidence and the limiting of personal feeling may well stand amazed at the accounts of the trial of Samuel Schwartzbar for the killing of General Simon Petlura. There was no doubt at all that Schwartzbar emptied his revolver into the body of Petlura on a street corner in Paris and that Petlura died from his wounds.

The jury, the great majority of the people in court, and the press and people of Paris loudly acclaimed the righteousness of the acquittal and did not turn a hair at what seems to us the absurdity of the jury in answering in the negative the first of several counts in the indictment: "Was the accused guilty of striking blows causing the injuries of the victim?" This settled the whole matter. As the press account states, eight hundred spectators in a court-room intended for three hundred "screamed and cheered, laughed and cried."

The reason is simple; it is expressed in the words of Schwartzbar's lawyer:

Premier Bratianu

"You are not trying him; you are trying pogroms."

Petlura had been chief or ataman of the Cossacks and President of the Ukraine. He was held by the Jews of that region directly responsible for the wholesale assassinations of their people known as pogroms. A Red Cross nurse who served at Proskuroff testified in detail to the horrors of the dead and wounded, including babies and women, and shrieked: "Petlura was responsible! Even Ukrainian officers said so. His soldiers killed our people, shouting his name."

These pogroms took place in 1919, and were, as testified, organized, systematized massacres of the Jews.

The French prosecutor attempted to show that Schwartzbar had been hired by the Russian Soviet leaders to commit the assassination, and that therefore his motive was not hatred and revenge, but political. He totally failed, however, to convince the jury of this alleged motive.

So the trial resulted in making Schwartzbar a hero and in making the man he killed a despised and hateful memory.

Justice above law, said the jury.

Five Years of Fascismo

Mussolini made the only speech in all Italy on the fifth anniversary of the Fascist revolution. Lenine turned

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According to the Cartoonists

Talburt in the Knoxville, Tennessee, News-Sentinel

"Come on out—I dare yuh!"

From Mrs. Patterson Miller, Russellville, Tenn.

Orr in the Chicago Tribune

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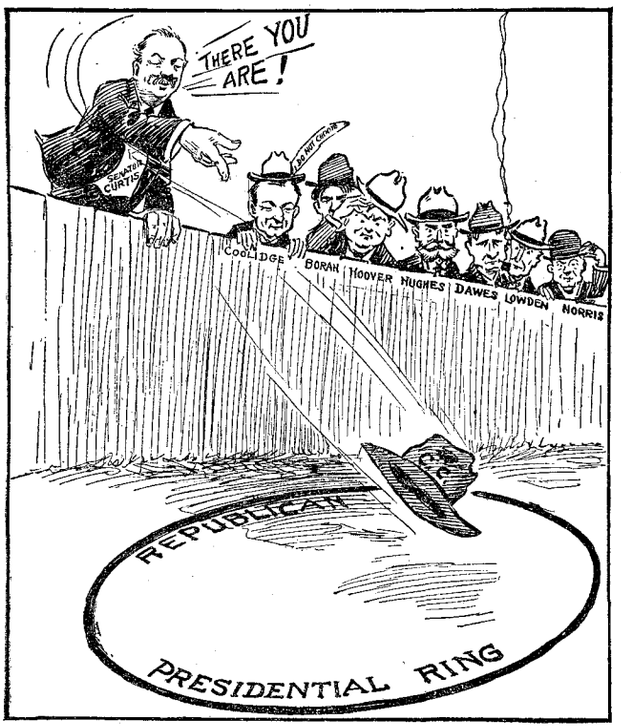
Still follerin' him

From Mrs. George W. Taft, Chicago, Ill.

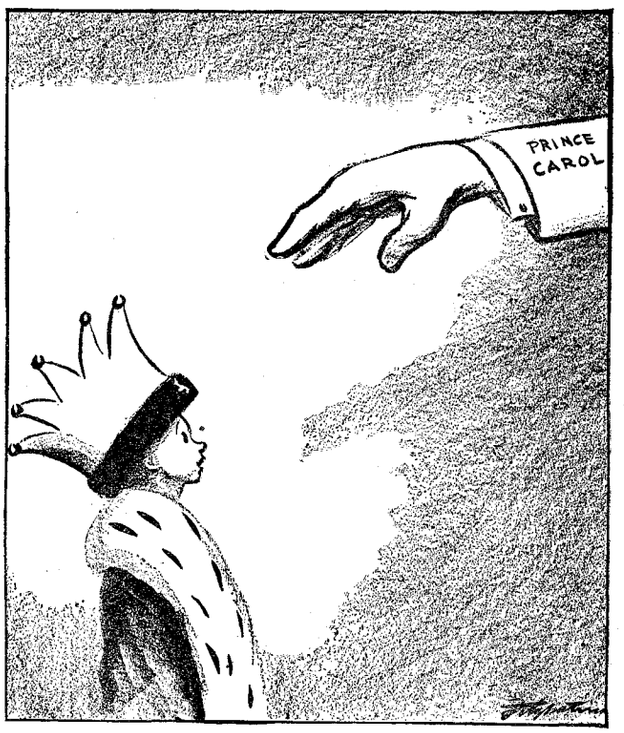
Halladay in the Providence Journal



The first hat in

From Miss Edith L. Bullock, Pawtucket, R. I.

Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch



Papa wants his hat

From P. P. Udre, Granite City, Ill.

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audibly in his mausoleum before the Kremlin in Moscow; Mustapha Kemal tucked away his seven-day address on Nationalist Turkey and hid his face in humiliation; and sixty-seven Congressmen tried to drown themselves.

The Fascist dictator—the word is gaining a special oratorical significance—said all the usual modest things about the economic, political, and social achievements of Black Shirt rule, while Rome applauded. And an Italian squadron, visiting the North African part of Tangier, opposite Gibraltar, worried the French. France claims special rights free from interference in Morocco—including Tangier so far as Italy is concerned—by earlier treaties with Rome; and she is negotiating with Spain, which holds the surrounding territory, about its status, to the anxiety of Great Britain.

Nobody else knows just what Mussolini and the Fascisti intend to do outside Italy. Does Mussolini?

A Tariff Truce with France

AMERICANS who do business in France are breathing easier.

A temporary agreement on French customs duties on goods from the United States provides that the favorable rates they enjoyed before September 6 will be restored. So millions of dollars' worth of American products can again be sold on a competitive basis in the French market, and American firms no longer face the handicap of triple and quadruple import taxes while German trade is put in a favored position.

This agreement, naturally, is in effect pending the negotiation of a thoroughgoing new commercial accord. But meanwhile everybody can be temporarily happy. The concession from France has apparently been won without promising anything tangible in return, but the French Government is anxious to know how soon the United States Tariff Commission will report on requests to reduce the tariffs on perfumes, silks, and textiles.

Uncle Sam may get something from François once for nothing, but it is a hard trick to do twice.

A One-Day Census

TURKEY has just had its first census. Mustapha Kemal ordered it, and what Mustapha Kemal says goes in Turkey. Perhaps he thought that the Turkish people deserved a rest after his recent six-day speech. Perhaps he thought that the census would be more satisfactory if the census-takers caught everybody at home. At all events, the Turkish "President," or dictator, as he really is, ordered the whole population to stay at home throughout the day of the census—the count seems to have been made in one day.

Despatches describe Constantinople as appearing like a city of the dead on that day. The people stayed quietly at home, reflecting sadly on the probable effect of this strange custom on next year's taxes. A New Yorker might well long for such an enumeration in New York City if only he could be one of the enumerators and walk up and down through a New York for once quiet as the grave.

Seriously, such a method of taking the census, provided only it were possible except under a dictatorship, has its advantages. It is believed that when the facts are collated the Turkish Government will have a remarkably complete record of the number of occupied houses, the names of the people living therein, and other vital statistics human and of a business nature. One comment which has been made is to the effect that this is the first time that the inefficient Turkish Government has started out to teach Western civilization how a census can be taken with neatness and despatch.

What New York wants to know is how many of the 50,000 Turkish enumerators actually worked and how many were just drawing pay.

A Gorgeous Tomb—Perhaps

THIS is the seventh centenary year since the death of Genghis Khan—an appropriate time, therefore, for the "discovery" of the tomb of the great Mongolian conqueror, who led his Tartar hordes through northern China, the Caucasus, Persia, and into Russia as far as the Volga and Dnieper Rivers. Genghis (or Jenghis, or Zingis, if you prefer) was not only a great soldier but a law-enforcer, a statesman, and a monotheist but a tolerator of all religions. His conquests and abilities make him worthy of honor in world history.

We hope the tale told by a London newspaper and cabled by the Associated Press to America is true, but it is so weird and colorful that it will stand a bit of confirmation. An explorer, Professor Kozloff, of Russia, it is stated, has been hunting for the conqueror's tomb for twenty years. At last he has dis-

Armistice Day, 1927

THOSE men who were waiting in the trenches, on the field, and in the air nine years ago for the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month to strike will remember their thoughts at the time. One of their number the next day wrote his thoughts down in verse. He returned to put his strength into the struggle on behalf of boys in big cities; to fight for free government; to maintain the National defense as a flight officer—and this last summer he fell in his airplane. This reminder by him of what Armistice Day once meant may freshen the memory of men who served as he served.

GOALS OF DESIRE

By CURTIS WHEELER

Second Lieutenant, 88th Aero Squadron

A WINDING river in northern France
Turns north by Dead Man's Hill,
Where the locked lines held for four long years,
And the guns were never still.
By day wings beckoned us ever forth,
By night the star shells' gleam;
Now we may fare on our journey north
And follow at last the stream.

A far-flung wood on the Belgian hills
Lies north of the sere Argonne;
The waving arms of the friendly trees
Heartened us ever on.
Through wire and trench, through gases' stench,
We struggled as men could—
Till now, as the gates of steel swing wide,
We may enter that Ardennes wood.

There's a little lost town in far Lorraine,
Untouched by shot or shell,
That we spared for the day when, come what may,
We might follow the clear Moselle.
And now, when the field-gray mists are gone
That an August night called down,
With the glowing ray of a hoped-for day,
We may enter that little town.

A wide white road out of Bauzemont
Once ran through No Man's Land
With never a mark from our seventy-fives
Nor the heavies at our command.
For it led to where, in the valley fair,
The red roofs of Strasbourg glowed;
And now, with no seventy-seven to speak,
We may follow the fair white road.

There's a high-backed ridge in the distance dim
Where the white hill villages shine
And the blue Alsatian mountains
Look down on the ancient Rhine.
And we who watched them in sun and rain
And the valley mist that chills,
Give thanks to Him who fought for us
As at last we cross those hills.

Now gladly we leave the river and wood
And the towns we would not fire,
And the fair white road and the hills that were
The goals of our desire,
To their own dear France—as our hearts turn,
However far we roam,
To the westering sun that lights in gold
The roads that lead to Home.

November 12, 1918.

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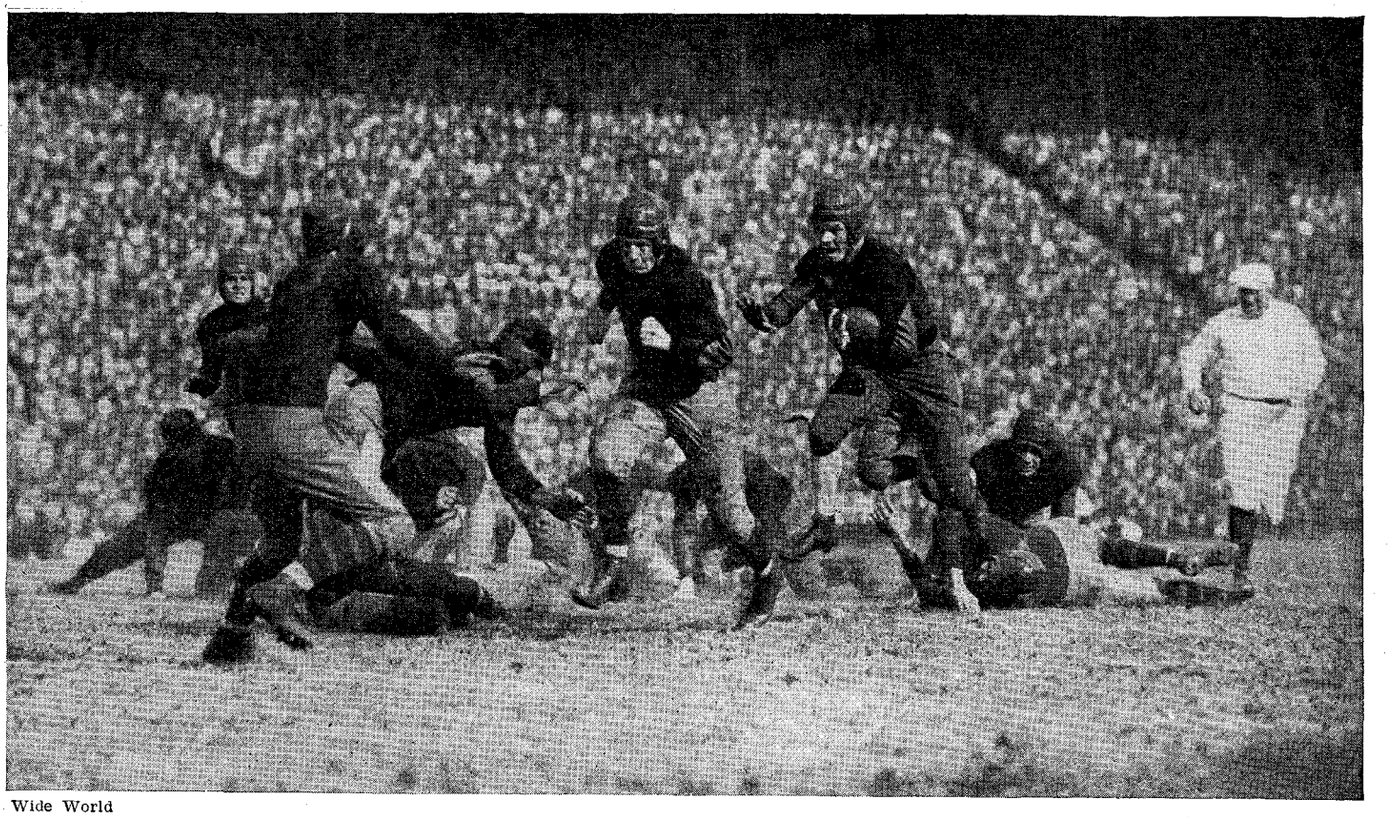

Wide World

EVERYBODY'S GAME

The Navy team breaking through the Pennsylvania line. Football, with millions looking on and more millions listening in, is crowding baseball from its eminence as the great American game

covered it near the dead city of Khara-Khoto, in the Gobi Desert—or, rather, he has seen it; for the priests have known all about it for these seven hundred years, and through these centuries every seven hours seven lamas strike seven times on a huge jade bell.

The description of what met the Russian's eyes is too thrilling and gorgeous to omit: "He found the great Khan's dust in a silver coffin resting upon the crowns of seventy-eight princes and khans whom he conquered. Jewel-studded weapons of Genghis Khan and his own story of his reign, a life-size lion, tiger, and horse in pink jade and a copy of the Bible written by an English monk also were in the tomb."

A Bible and an autobiography is really too much to expect from a Mongol's tomb. One suggestion is that the Bible was dropped there by Marco Polo!

Archæologists seem a little slow to accept this tale of marvels; one of them, however, Mr. Harold Lamb, author of a biography of Genghis, vouches for Professor Kozloff as a well-known archæologist who has made excavations and has been at work in the Gobi Desert region for the Russian Geographical Society; but the Bible, the seven lamas on guard, and other picturesque features of the tale do seem to Mr. Lamb to need a little elucidation.

If this is a hoax, it is the best one relating to China since an American ex-soldier in jail wrote the autobiography of Li Hung-chang.

Some of Our Surplus for the Mississippi

THREE hundred million dollars stare us in the face. What shall we do with these dollars that are cumbering up the United States Treasury? Some say, cut down the taxes; others say, pay off more of our National debt. There is another answer. Three hundred million dollars, and perhaps some millions more, our estimated surplus at the end of this fiscal year, will, according to Secretary Hoover, just about pay for the additional cost beyond present appropriations of making out of the Mississippi, now a flood menace, and other waterways a great transportation system.

In the November issue of the "Magazine of Business" Secretary Hoover, in an interview with Robert R. Updegraff, declares that our present transportation costs have been distorted to the great disadvantage of the Middle West. Bulk commodities, particularly of farm products, need cheaper transportation. Ocean freight rates have changed little, while land transportation has increased seriously. Consequently Mid-West industries and farms have been practically pushed hundreds of miles farther away than ever from their own markets. "Put it in another way," says Mr. Hoover in this interview, "Chicago has moved 336 cents [on a ton of staple goods] away from San Francisco, while New York has moved 224 cents closer. Chicago has been moved 594 cents away from the markets of South America and of our own Atlantic seaboard." The effect is to drive industries nearer the seaboard and away from the heart of agriculture, to the disadvantage of both industry and agriculture. The way to relieve this situation is to develop our waterways. The old conditions that made our waterways uneconomical are passing. Old waterways did not have the deep channels to make them practicable and they had no real modern connections with the sea. Make sea connections, deepen the channels, and water transportation can exist and serve side by side with the railways.

So far from being discouraged by the great calamity in the Mississippi Valley, which he has done so much to alleviate,

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Mr. Hoover sees in the Father of Waters one of the great arteries in a new waterway system that will spread from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, with branches from New York and Pittsburgh in the East and from Duluth, St. Paul, Sioux City, Little Rock, and Houston in the West; with branches up into Alabama from Mobile and down into Tennessee and Kentucky and West Virginia from the Allegheny and the Ohio. This system will include the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence, and the Barge Canal from Buffalo and down the Hudson.

The floods have awakened and reawakened the Nation. Perhaps such a vision as Mr. Hoover proposes will keep it awake. Instead of thinking of the Mississippi as a devastated region to be repaired, Mr. Hoover is thinking of it as a great resource to be employed. For thirty or forty million dollars a year, ten per cent of our present surplus, the channels of the Mississippi can be dredged, the St. Lawrence waterway completed, the Great Lakes stabilized, and the cost of Mississippi flood control can be met.

Transmuting a flood into a fortune is nowadays the trick, not of a magician, but of an engineer with imagination—not of a genie, but of a genius.

A Hopeful Sign

THE prosperity of the Philippines is of far more immediate importance to the Filipinos than the political autonomy of the islands; but it has been very hard to make them see it. It is encouraging to notice that Mr. Quezon, who is President of the Philippine Senate and is the most prominent leader in the movement for early independence, has hardly mentioned that subject in his utterances since he arrived in the United States quite recently.

On the contrary, Mr. Quezon has repeatedly declared that he and his political friends were anxious to join with the United States Government in hastening the economic development of the islands. Of course he did not announce any intention of abandoning the campaign for independence, but his real interest now seems to be strong and genuine in the other matter.

For instance, Mr. Quezon said: "Concerning the report that we have come to induce the President to change his policy, and that therefore we are ready to co-operate on a program of economic development, I want to say that I have not come with any purpose of making any so-called deal, much less to try to induce the President to change whatever policy he may have."

The significance of this declaration is the more apparent when we remember that it is only a little time ago when despatches from the Philippines stated that it was feared there that General Wood's policies and hopes for the islands were in danger and that Mr. Quezon was coming to this country for the express purpose of changing the President's views, which were well known to agree with those held by General Wood.

Education, civic sense, self-government in step with unselfish patriotism—there lies the road in the Philippines for peace and prosperity.

Crime and State Lines

AROUND New York Harbor has grown up a great metropolitan district. It has numerous common interests; but it is divided by a line that runs between two States. The metropolitan district that extends into New Jersey has perhaps more in common with the rest of the metropolitan district, which is in New York State, than it has with the rest of the State in which it is actually situated. At least in certain particulars the common interests of these two parts of the metropolitan district are as strong as those which bind the people of any State together.

This situation cannot be provided for, except in small measure, by the Federal Government. As a consequence, the two States of New York and New Jersey have had to come to certain agreements concerning this area. One product of agreement between these States is the creation of the so-called Port Authority. This organization has control over certain matters pertaining to the port which is inclosed by territory of both States. Similarly, the two States have created together a great park which, although all on one side of the water, serves the whole metropolitan area and comprises territory in New York as well as New Jersey.

But over the activities of criminals the two States yet exercise wholly separate sovereign powers. And yet the criminal has no more regard for State lines than he has for any other imaginary boundaries—except to take advantage of them. The business of criminals of a certain type has a distinct metropolitan aspect. This has roused the interest of a Democratic candidate for the Assembly of New York, William J. Rapp. Traffic in stolen goods, he says, "is an industry," and "is carried on mainly by water, rail, and automobile between New York and New Jersey." He adds, in particular, that "the activities of the receivers of stolen goods are inter-State, and the remedy must be inter-State." Mr. Rapp gives an example:

> In one case in particular with which I am personally familiar the fence [which is the criminal's name for professional receiver of stolen goods] informed six underworld characters that a certain shipment of raw silk would be received in New York on a certain night. The fence agreed to pay them $1,000 each for the delivery of this silk to a stated place in New Jersey. In conformity with this agreement the silk was stolen in New York and only delivered in New Jersey to the fence, who paid the thieves $6,000 exactly, as had been planned and agreed on.

Mr. Rapp proposes to introduce a bill to meet this inter-State business in crime by establishing a joint crime commission between the two States. His Republican opponent approves a "fence bill," it is reported, if it is drawn up properly. So in this Assembly district the opposition to inter-State crime seems unanimous.

Partnerships between States may thus be stimulated by partnerships between criminals.

A Fighting Editor

MAXIMILIAN HARDEN, who died in Switzerland on October 30, at the age of sixty-eight, for thirty-five years edited "Die Zukunft" (the Future), which has been described as the best-known, the most admired, the most feared, and the most detested paper in Germany. He was combative, inconsistent, but always daring. Compared with the sycophantic, politically controlled German writers for the press, he stood for liberty of expression. The service he did Germany was to keep alive the flickering flame of independent political thought.

As long ago as Bismarck's fall Harden attacked Wilhelm II, and his hostility to the Kaiser was unveiledly contemptuous. In theory Harden was

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Keystone

MAXIMILIAN HARDEN
Foe of the Kaiser

opposed to all war, yet he joined in approval of Germany's militarism in 1914, and even went to the extreme of saying: "Let us drop our attempts to excuse Germany's action. Not against our will did we hurl ourselves into this gigantic venture. We willed it. Our might shall create a new law in Europe." But this did not in the least hinder him from attacking bitterly everything the Kaiser did or said.

Ridicule was Harden's weapon, and he used it mercilessly. Over and over again "Die Zukunft" was suppressed, once for a whole year, but as often as it was revived it ridiculed imperialism and clamored for independence of German thought. Before the war Harden exposed the personal corruption in certain Court circles, and when his exposure led to libel suits he fought the cases and left his enemies scathed by public opinion.

Harden has been compared to Heine, largely because (in origin though not in faith) he was a Jew (his original name was Witkowski), but partly because his pen was so bitter and his respect for the great ones of the earth was non-existent. His boldness is illustrated by his attack upon the German war leaders as hypocrites because they did not openly say that they seized upon the Serajevo incident as an excuse for a war of conquest long planned. Yet he wrote in favor of that war. If he cared anything for the rights of other people than his own, he never showed it.

Among free people Harden would have been impossible; among generals, Junkers, rich industrialists, and an egotistical monarch Harden was a valuable explosive.

Mr. Mellon's Proposals for Tax Reduction

Put in a simple form, Secretary Mellon's recommendation for the reduction of Federal taxes is, first, to keep the total reduction down to a moderate sum—$225,000,000 is the amount he recommends. More than half of this, he thinks, should be gained by reducing the corporation tax from 13½ per cent to 12 per cent and by repealing the inheritance tax; nearly all the rest would come from two sources—$3,000,000 or more could be gained if small corporations should file their returns as partnerships; $50,000,000 could be taken off by readjusting the rates on individual incomes ranging in amount from $16,000 to $90,000 a year.

In answering questions put by members of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives, summoned to Washington to hear the recommendations of the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Mellon's Under-Secretary, Mr. Mills, showed that to reduce the corporation tax by two instead of one per cent, as some of the Committee desired, in order to keep the inheritance tax, would result in too much reduction ($50,000,000) and would be unwise and excessive.

The most interesting point in the Secretary's recommendation was that substituting partnership returns for returns made by small corporations. Mr. Mellon holds that now small corporations endure a real hardship and that the stockholders pay twice—first, by reducing their dividends through the corporation tax; second, by paying individual taxes on the dividends they receive. Most of these small corporations (say those with net incomes of $55,000 or less) would pay less tax as partnerships than they do as corporations.

It was not, however, the double taxation (which is a debatable point) that was the strongest ground for Mr. Mellon's recommendations concerning taxes on the smaller corporations. It was rather that in taxing corporate income special relief should be granted to the concerns that are like partnerships though they do business in corporate form. These constitute the vast majority (232,316 out of 252,334) of all corporations reporting net income.

As to the taxpayer who pays only the normal income tax rate, it is considered that his burden has been lightened fairly well under the reductions already made.

Mr. Mellon vigorously opposed reduction on automobile taxes or on theatre tickets, instancing the people who paid $40 a seat for tickets to the Dempsey-Tunney fight as being well able to pay also $3.65 to the United States for their half-hour's amusement.

For the fiscal year of 1928 Mr. Mellon estimates a surplus of $455,000,000; for 1929, $274,000,000.

In times of prosperity pay off part of your debt is good doctrine for the Nation as well as for the individual.

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A Poet's Cry of Disillusionment

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY'S wrath is that of one who wants to believe in her fellow-men—and cannot. Her words recorded in these pages are quiet words. There is no hysteria in them, but only an ironic and burning sorrow.

Beneath the words is the fixed conviction that the two men whom she does not name, Sacco and Vanzetti, were done to death because of their belief in Anarchism.

If she is right, if the assumption underlying her article is correct, then we all who call ourselves Americans deserve some share of the reproach which she heaps upon her country and mankind. We cannot escape by pleading that we had no hand in the atrocity. It is because of our feebleness, our lack of will, our love of ease, that such things can be.

But, incredible as it may seem to her, there are many people of fair and honest minds, and of intelligence too, who firmly believe that these men died for the crime of murder. Some believe they were guilty of the crime; others, not pretending to an independent judgment, believe that for that crime, and not for their belief, they were tried and convicted.

Belief, opinion, has no place in the scales that weigh guilt in a court of justice. This is true whether opinion is made a part of the accusation or a part of the defense. If belief were allowed as an extenuation of crime, then the inquisitors who hounded heretics to death might be excused on the ground of their professed belief in Christianity!

Whether in this particular case men accused of crime suffered, not for the crime, but for their beliefs, it is true that for their beliefs men have been and still are intimidated, tortured, killed. It is against that evil spirit of persecution for opinion that Edna St. Vincent Millay has written her flaming tract. And that spirit, the spirit of fear in arms, still rules the hearts and minds of an uncounted number even here in free America. It is futile to fight ideas, even wrong ideas, with the knout, the gun, the guillotine, or the electric chair. It is worse than futile; for, whether in Bolshevist Russia, or Fascist Italy, or democratic America, it displaces justice and humanity and enthrones the devastating spirit of fear.

Disciplining Magruder

IN consequence of his article in the "Saturday Evening Post" pointing out defects in the Navy, Admiral Magruder has been relieved of his command of the United States Navy Yard at Philadelphia. It has not been charged that Admiral Magruder in publishing his article violated any regulations. On the other hand, it has not been officially stated—rather, it has been semi-officially denied—that the removal of Admiral Magruder is punitive. Nevertheless the whole effect of the action taken is to notify naval officers that they point out the defects in the Navy or the administration of the Navy at their peril.

Is this what the American people want? Do they wish to be kept in ignorance of anything that is injuring their first line of defense? Do they want the best source of information concerning the Navy bottled up? Do they want those in authority over the Navy kept free from the wholesome corrective of public criticism? Do they believe that there is more danger to the country from public discussion of bad organization, inefficient administration, shortages in necessary ships and men—matters about which experts in foreign navies are better informed than the American people themselves—or from the complacency, the self-satisfaction, the inertness, that invariably results when public officials know they will not have to answer to the public for their stewardship? Admiral Magruder may himself have made some material errors in his statements concerning the condition of the Navy. That is not the point. He may have been unwise in some of his expressions in the article itself and in his later public statements. Neither is that the point. What he did do—and this is precisely the point—was to give public expression in a way that attracted public attention to certain outstanding evils and perils that call for public discussion and vigilance. Such are the politically created and maintained navy yards, the starving out of private shipyards, wastefulness, and red tape. Some of these evils are like those in other departments of the Government; but in the Navy they are less subject to remedy. It is not impossible in a few months to improvise an army. It is absolutely impossible to improvise a navy. If the Forest Service is bureaucratic, a part of the country suffers, but the country can continue to thrive. But if in time of emergency the Navy is found to be lacking in certain essentials the future of the country itself is in jeopardy.

But what is of still more significance is the method by which such a naval officer as Admiral Magruder is called to account. Such a method may be a part of the normal disciplinary methods of the Navy; but that is not an excuse—it is rather a revelation. It has been made plain to Admiral Magruder that the Navy Department would like to have from him plans for the reorganization of the Navy Department that would meet his criticisms. Of course, no one man—even were he the Secretary of the Navy, with all the machinery of the Department at hand—could draw up such a plan in short order. The tone in which Admiral Magruder is addressed explains in part why naval and military officers are so often regarded as overbearing. What they get from their superiors they hand down to their inferiors. They are trained in "passing the buck." It helps to explain why civilians who have served their country in war say, "Never again!"

No one except a naval expert has the knowledge by which to test the accuracy of either Admiral Magruder's allegations or Secretary Wilbur's replies; but one need not be a naval expert to see in this episode unwillingness in the Navy Department to meet criticism with an open mind and a real desire to profit by it.

We hope Congress will do its best to ascertain the facts; but Congress itself is not free from blame. Politics has been a bane of the Navy. The real remedy lies in public opinion, which ultimately Congress, the Navy Department, and naval officers themselves will have to heed.

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Explicable Perhaps, but Inexcusable

IT WAS NOT as if we had known no better. We had taken pains to get the facts from the highest authority. And then, ignoring facts, we gave currency to a legend.

We had seen the report that a movie dog named Fellow had been exhibited before Professor C. J. Warden's class in psychology at Columbia University by its owner, Jacob Herbert; that the dog would obey the instructions of its master's voice from an adjoining room; that it understood three or four hundred words; and that it had been rated on the level of intelligence with an eight-year-old child.

We communicated with Professor Warden, who is in charge of the Animal Psychological Laboratory at Columbia, and received an explicit answer. Professor Warden said the dog obeyed the commands of the human voice with remarkable speed and facility; but that he was personally of the opinion—though this point was not settled—that the dog had learned to associate certain sounds rather than words in the human sense with proper objects and commands; and that he had never made any statement with regard to the mental age of the dog in comparison with a human child. And then we proceeded to print a picture of the dog with Professor Warden, and put under it a caption saying that the dog understood 300 or 400 words and had been given the rating of an eight-year-old boy.

How did it happen? We have not the heart to explain. All we can say is that even under Haughton a Harvard football team occasionally missed a signal.

To errors of this sort the human mind is prone. It wants to believe what is interesting. Between something that is true but complicated and what is erroneous but simple, it tends to choose the simple, even though it is erroneous. To dig out a fact requires patience, and then to examine the fact requires attention. The human mind prefers its ease.

In an essay recently published on "The Standardization of Error" Vilhaljmur Stefansson—"Voyager and Colonizer," as the publishers of his little book call him—studies this trait of the human mind. He points out that there are two kinds of fact—the fact of observation and the fact of definition. Facts of observation change. "What's the good," asks Stefansson, "of an Englishman's learning, first, that all Americans speak through their noses, and, secondly, why they do so, when he has to find out eventually that they do not?" So Stefansson turns to the fact of definition. Two and two make four because that is the definition of four—it "is the name of the sum of two and two. . . . A square is, not by observation but by definition, a four-sided figure with equal sides and equal angles. . . . If any one says that a square has three or five sides we will all reply in chorus: 'If it has three or five sides it is not a square.'" Then he turns to the ostrich. The ostrich of literature, Stefansson says, "exists by definition only. He is a bird that hides his head when frightened." Never accepted by zoölogists, hunters, or owners of the domesticated birds, the ostrich of literature is useful, and therefore has survived. If we did not have the literary ostrich, how could we express the idea of willful blindness? By that question he reaches the comfortable conclusion that certain kinds of error are useful.

In order to justify ourselves to Professor Warden we should have to describe the intelligence of an eight-year-old boy as that of the dog Fellow. There ought to be dogs with the intelligence of children. It is simple to think of that, and it is interesting to believe it. All we have to do is to make definitions that will fit our errors.

Ballyhoo's Who

SILAS BENT—"veteran of the city room," as his publisher's notices describe him—has written a book about newspapers in which he says all the things about his former bosses that he would apparently have liked to say to their faces while he was working for them.

It is not often that a dissatisfied employee both gets the chance to speak his mind in public and can do it in a style that is entertaining for any reason except the fun of watching a man vent his irritation. He has been reporter, "rewrite man," special correspondent, and editor, and he talks about something of which he knows.

A purpose more fundamental than Upton Sinclair had in writing "The Brass Check" Mr. Bent accomplishes in telling fashion where Sinclair failed. For Sinclair wrote from the outside looking in, while Mr. Bent writes from the inside looking in. Sinclair's exposure of the press is a fantastic exaggeration, while Mr. Bent's is a statement of journalistic truth.

Journalistic truth in the sense that it is correct as far as it goes. It avoids the all too commonly committed journalistic sin of inaccuracy. But it omits or fails to recognize some of the sound services of information that the American press performs under difficulties little comprehended outside newspaper walls—and performs on the whole as well as any other press in the world and better than any except the British, Dutch, German, and Scandinavian. Mr. Bent's book does this for a reason—the same reason that a cartoonist suppresses some details in order to bring out others. He has in mind one impression, and he conveys it with deadly certainty.

Mr. Bent points his finger at the ruthless hunt for "good copy"—and keeps it pointing. He reveals the forces that have made newspapers what they are. All the shameless exploitation of personalities, the engineering of publicity for ends of propaganda and free advertising by "public relations counsels," the invasion of privacy, and the appeal to the hunger for sensation he portrays. Only a man who knows the glare of a city room and the litter of a copy desk when the final five-star edition is going to bed could have written the story as he has done it.

In the end he drives home his moral. The press both creates and responds to public desire and opinion. When an awakened and improved public taste demands better newspapers, it can get them.

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What Mississippi and Alabama Think of Al Smith

By DIXON MERRITT

SEVERAL Republican candidates for the Presidency have dreamed of breaking the Solid South. None of them ever had a chance. No possible Republican candidate would have a chance now.

None the less the Solid South may be broken in 1928.

A Democratic candidate may do it.

The breaking of the Solid South does not mean exactly what it might seem to mean. There is no probability that any State south of Tennessee will, under any circumstances next year, go Republican. But there is imminent probability that in the Gulf group of solidly Democratic States unprecedented things may happen, that a considerable number of State and county and municipal offices may be won by Republicans and independents, and that there may be built up a party in opposition to the Democratic, a party which in future contests may be at least an effective party of protest.

This proposition swings on three hinges: If Alfred E. Smith is nominated by the Democrats, if an acceptable man is nominated by the Republicans, if the temper of the South remains anything near what it is. Perhaps there is a fourth hinge—if a fair measure of prosperity continues. Two of these hinges, or even one, might be sufficient to hold the proposition up and let it swing.

Those Northerners who so long have plotted the cracking of the South may find what pleasure they can in this situation, but they must be on notice that the satisfaction will not be solely theirs. Many Southerners, even among those who wish to see Governor Smith nominated, contemplate the change not merely with complacency but with positive pleasure. The South, no longer fixed in anything else, is becoming irked by fixity in politics.

That feeling is not entirely new. Its effective development has been hindered by the conviction that nothing would be gained by breaking down the one-party system in the South merely to build up a one-party system in the Nation. And it has always seemed that for the South to cease to be solidly Democratic would merely tend to make the Nation solidly Republican, to bring about National political fixity, to eliminate even a party of protest. But now the situation seems to be different. If Governor Smith is to smash some Southern Democratic crystals, he is to have at the same time a fair chance of smashing some Eastern and Northern Republican crystals. I believe that a considerable number of those Southern Democrats who favor the nomination of Governor Smith do so mainly because they are quite willing, and even anxious, to swap a part of the South for States in other sections of the country. A part of the complex is a sincere desire to be rid of one-party government sectionally and Nationally, but another part of it is the honest horse trader's expectation of getting something to boot. Statistics show that Eastern and Northern States have higher yields of electoral votes.

DIXON MERRITT went South to find out for Outlook readers what the people there really think about Al Smith. First we published his observations in his home territory, Tennessee and Kentucky, and in this issue we have his account of the attitude in the Gulf States. Later he will write from the seaboard.

These articles represent the feelings of the people themselves, not the forecasts and predictions of editors and politicians.

WHAT is above written may have raised the suspicion that there is support of Governor Smith's candidacy in the Gulf group of States. The suspicion is quite well founded. There is much more outspoken support of Governor Smith in these States than in Tennessee and Kentucky. A part of that, too, is due to hard horse sense in practical politics. No matter how many Democrats in the Gulf States might bolt Governor Smith, he could still carry them. There is substantially no Republican Party in any of them. Gulf States Democrats who honestly are for Governor Smith can afford to say so. It is not so in Tennessee and Kentucky, where the Republicans can win whenever they have even a little Democratic disaffection to help them.

To illustrate. In Tennessee or Kentucky a ten per cent switch would be dangerous and a twenty per cent switch would be disastrous to Democratic success. But an Alabama supporter of Smith said, quite complacently:

"Forty per cent of Alabama Democrats would stay away from the polls. Twenty per cent would vote for the Republican nominee. But the remaining forty per cent could handily carry Alabama for Governor Smith by about 10,000 majority."

"Handily," he said. Well, I have sat at the feet of political prophets for a good many years, and I have never known one who could play with so short a figure as 10,000 and be sure that he was safe. I believe, however, that Alabama would be perfectly safe for Governor Smith. This man's disaffection figures are high—a little high, not much; not high at all as to the proportion of Alabama Democrats who would hate to see Governor Smith nominated, but a bit high as to those who would actually refuse to vote for him.

AND that brings on talk about Alabama.

Alabama has always been about as solidly Democratic as any State ever was. It has not quite half a dozen counties in which Republicans frequently win. It has only one county solidly Republican, and that is its one county the main part of whose population recently came from Europe. It has no Catholic population worth mentioning except in Birmingham and Mobile, and the number of Catholics is not large in either of those.

Alabama is, or recently has been, the worst Klan-ridden State in America, with the possible exception of Indiana. I have given some study to both of them at close range, and I can't see that one is worse than the other. Scores of flogging cases are pending in the Alabama courts and, when I was in Birmingham, a young man was shot down, after hav-

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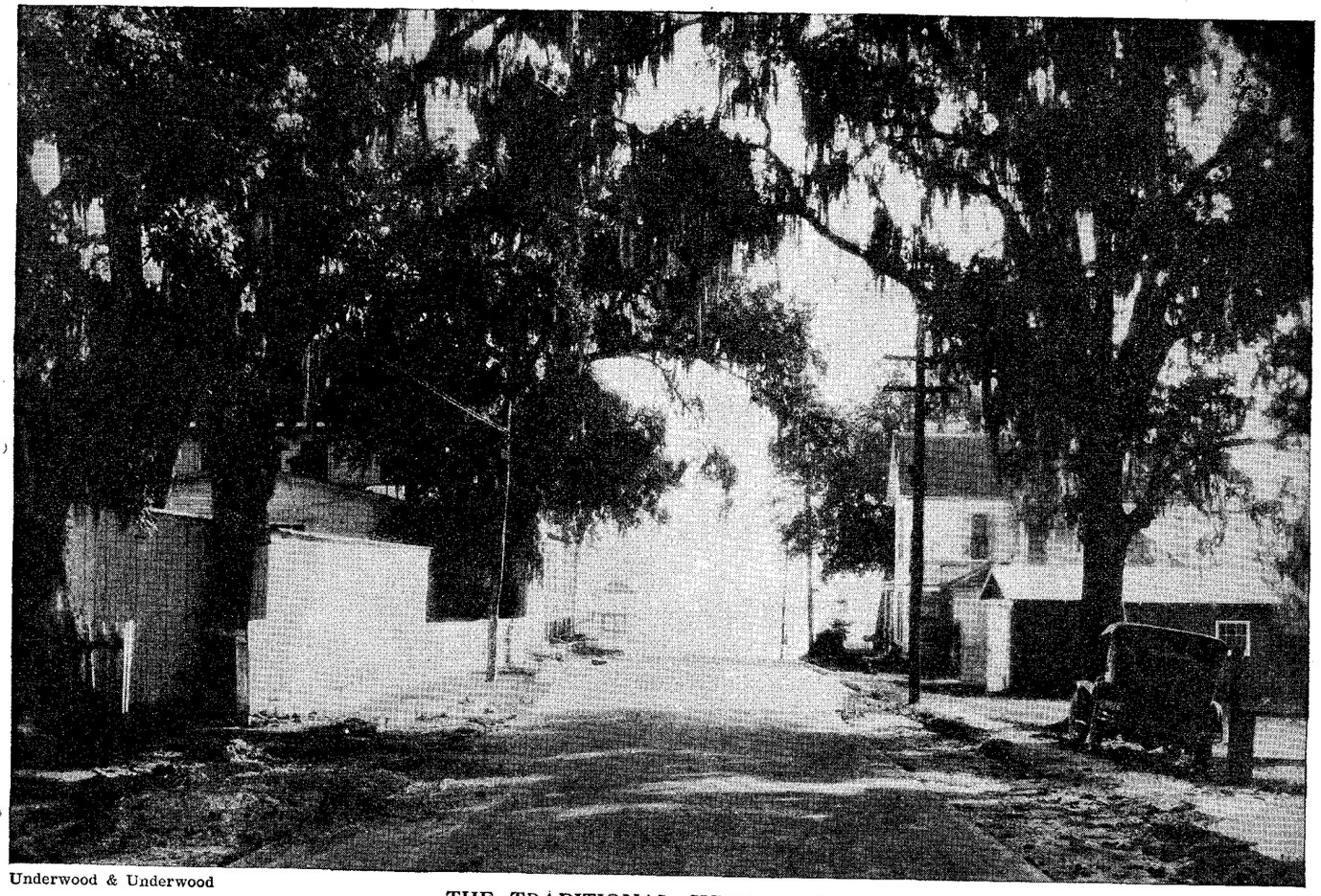

Underwood & Underwood

THE TRADITIONAL SUNNY SOUTH
A scene in Biloxi, Mississippi

ing been twice flogged, while crossing a city playground park. How many of these deeds were performed by Klansmen nobody positively knows; but if all of them were, all that is proved is that lawlessness in Alabama followed a sort of Southern genius for personal violence, while in Indiana it followed another sort of genius for money crookedness and petty prying into other folks' affairs.

But the Klan is on the wane in Alabama, as it has been for some time in Indiana. I have never found anywhere a man who would admit membership in the Klan. But I have found in several places some who admitted that they once were members. From one of these in Alabama came information of a Klavern, once numbering among its members fifty-six Protestant ministers, which now has a total membership less than that number.

This is mentioned because it lays the ground for one of the chief objections raised in Alabama against Governor Smith's nomination.

It may be taken for granted that all Klansmen are opposed to Smith. But many active anti-Klansmen in Alabama are opposed to him because, they say, his nomination would afford the Klan the opportunity of recruiting its membership, and thus would prolong the State's agony for years and make it necessary to do the job of house-cleaning over again.

AMONG these objectors to Smith's nomination are not a few who believe that his election would have a beneficial effect. If he could serve four years in the White House, with the Pope still living in Rome and with no cardinal coming from the Vatican to serve as private secretary to the President of the United States, they believe that the bugaboo of a Roman menace would be laid and that, in a large measure, religious prejudice would be dispelled. But they see no such result from Smith's nomination and defeat. They believe that the rejuvenated Klan would then, with some show of reason, claim credit for the defeat, that it might be able to perpetuate itself, and certainly would be able to continue its activities for years on the plea of necessity for Klan organization to prevent Catholic domination.

If the Democrats of Alabama were sure that Smith could be elected, a great many more of them would favor his nomination. They fear what may happen if he is nominated and defeated.

This fear exists in equal degree in the other States of this group. Indeed, it is even more general in Mississippi than in Alabama. Most of the things that apply to Alabama are accentuated in Mississippi. And I am convinced that, of Mississippi Democrats, a larger proportion would stay at home or vote the Republican ticket. Even this, however, would not even threaten turning the State Republican, for there is even less of a Republican Party, comparatively, in Mississippi than in Alabama.

THERE is, however, another difference which might serve to even things up, to make the proportion of disaffected Democrats about the same in the two States.

Mississippi is purely a rural State. It has no cities and few manufacturing plants of much size. Most of its voters have the rural Democratic view-point, traditional in the South.

Alabama, on the other hand, is an important industrial State. Its iron mills, for instance, are among the largest in the country. Most of its large for-

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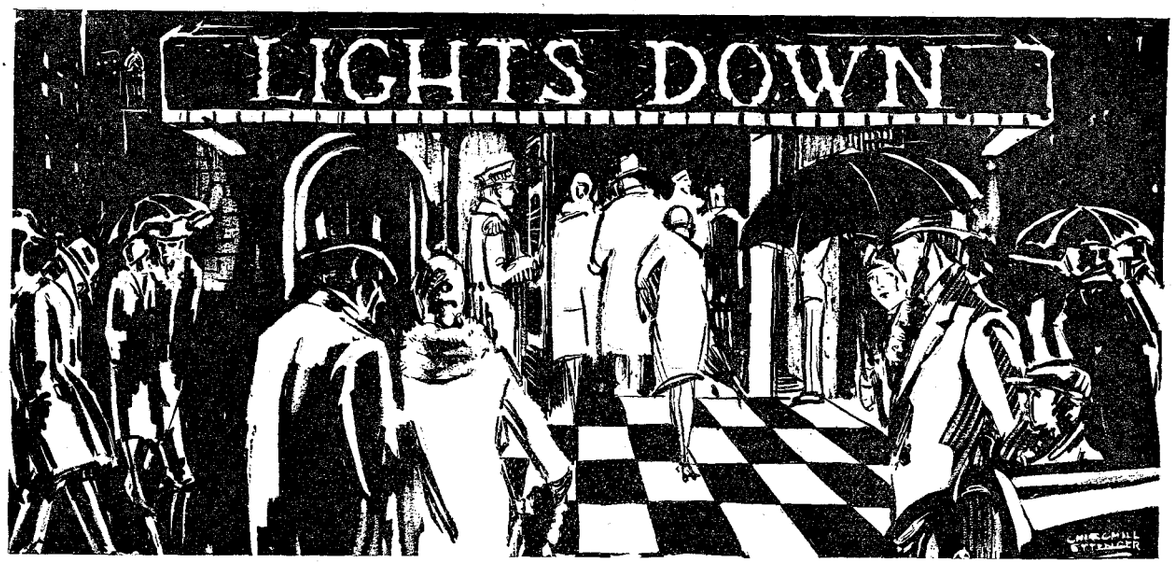

A Review of the New York Theatre

John Galsworthy's "Escape"

YOU will come out with a lump in your throat from John Galsworthy's "Escape."

You will find yourself asking how it is that individuals feel not at all and act not at all the way they—as society—are supposed to act and feel. You will be conscious, too, of a thrill of admiration for the English conception of fair play and the so-called "gentleman's code." And you may not be at all sure how much of this you owe to John Galsworthy's play and how much to Leslie Howard's fine acting in the leading rôle.

For an English gentleman, escaped from prison—an unfortunate accident, which resulted in conviction for manslaughter has put him there—has just given up his gallant attempt to outwit his pursuers: constables, prison guards, farmers. He has sacrificed his chance to make good his escape because his success will mean that the parson of a village church must stultify himself in the eyes of God, and his flock, by telling a lie. And that is not "cricket."

It is not fair play. He has no right to ask the parson to do that. In the village vestry, where the parson has allowed him to hide while his pursuers searched the church, the Englishman steps from behind the vestments and gives himself up.

"It's one's better self, one can't escape," he says.

And Captain Denant's run for freedom is over.

Which sounds trite, and perhaps moralistic in print, but in the theatre is dramatic and compelling enough. In fact, at the end of a heartbreaking hunt over mist-hung moors, down into trout streams, out of valleys into the mountains, through inn bedrooms, cottage parlors, gravel pits—at the end of all this, Captain Denant seems very much the thoroughbred Galsworthy evidently considers him: the Englishman to whom life is a sporting event, and observing the rules of the game of more value than success or failure.

English all the way through, in its presentation of different types of society and the way each faces the problem of helping or hindering a man hunted by the police, the play itself is built very simply upon a variation of the question: What would you do if a friend of yours committed what you considered an excusable murder?

In Galsworthy's instance, Captain Denant strikes a plain-clothes man in Hyde Park because the officer is unnecessarily nasty in arresting a harmless prostitute who has simply held a conversation with the Captain on a park bench. In falling, the officer hits his head on an iron railing—and Captain Denant is faced with manslaughter. The blow has killed.

As a prisoner, naturally, he feels no moral obligation to repent while society punishes him. Instead, at work in a fog on the prison farm, he toys with the idea of escaping, and, given opportunity, does so. Once away from his guards, in the fog, he runs like a hare, only, however, to run in a circle and encounter one dangerous, breathless situation after another; never knowing how any one will act, growing always hungrier, more desperate, more fagged, but never losing his sense of humor, never casting overboard his philosophy of fair play.

Through nine exciting, totally different, unexpected scenes; for forty-eight starving, pushed, frightful hours—night and day—the prison siren sounds in the distance behind him like the baying of a great hound. During all this time his pursuers clatter after him, beating the coverts, roping the roads, searching the village. And through it all he staggers and runs, hides and escapes, invariably failing to disguise his identity, and so being forced to depend upon his wits; invariably finding friends in the fair sex and enemies in the stolid, unimaginative middle class; but always keeping his head up and his nerve unshaken—until in the end his own sense of honor defeats him and he surrenders in the village vestry.

This is the instance Galsworthy presents. It is manslaughter, not murder, to be sure. And the people of the play are not friends of the Captain's; they merely know the facts in his case through the newspapers. But the question is really the same. Captain Denant, as becomes a proper hero, enlists your sentimental sympathy because he is in reality a victim of circumstances, because he fought for the country which now punishes him, because he is a Sir Galahad of the playing fields of Eton, because he is of an excellent wit and polish, and because he represents intelligence and good breeding persecuted by stupidity and officialdom.

Because of all this, we sympathize with him and identify ourselves with him. Which makes of the play a special instance, and one which it is not quite fair for us to use in pointing a moral, or drawing a philosophical conclusion, or

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answering a question! The fact remains nevertheless that Mr. Galsworthy has written an excellent play, about a particularly engaging gentleman in a perfect devil of a situation. It is fair to call it a romantic version of "Justice," done technically in the "Emperor Jones" manner, with episodic scenes, full of keen, truthful observation and witty, human dialogue, written by a sensitive, artistic man who has an excellent perception of theatre values and a real knowledge of the dramatist's art. Though strung upon a thin thread and never striking very deep, it is nevertheless the most satisfying play upon Broadway. F. R. B.

What Mississippi and Alabama Think of Al Smith

(*Continued from page 307*)

tunes have been made in manufacturing plants, and most of its ambitious younger men expect to make their fortunes in those plants.

Among these men there is a feeling of distrust of Governor Smith, a feeling that he is too much the traditional Democrat, that he would be disposed to throw the tariff completely into the discard. They are Democrats, but they are not free-trade or extremely low-tariff Democrats. They believe that almost any Democrat who might be elected President would act in accord with their view, but they fear that Governor Smith would not.

I do not know how long these men will stay in the Democratic Party. I believe many of them would bolt any other nominee as readily as they would bolt Smith if the tariff should be made the paramount issue of the campaign.

All of these things are elements in the opposition to Governor Smith, but all of them are of comparatively minor proportions. The big objections are that he is wet, and that he is a Catholic, or un-American, or provincial, or whatever name the particular individual chooses to call his objection by. There is somewhat less objection to him here on the basis of his wet record than there is in the two States north, but there is probably somewhat more religious feeling against him.

EXCEPT in the northern ends of the two States, it is difficult to get the sort of survey here that I got in Tennessee and Kentucky. The men working in the fields of the plantations are mainly Negroes, who do not vote. And the country stores are mainly plantation or company stores, about which the hangers-on are not typical voters.

Generally speaking, however, it is hard to find much Smith sentiment among Alabamans and Mississippians whose only interest in politics is to vote. Most of his supporters are men who expect from politics some more direct personal benefit than good government. But by no means all the men whose interest in politics is personal are for Governor Smith.

Those whose eyes are on Federal jobs —I mean the eminently "practical" kind, for whom the job is the main thing—are inclined to favor Smith because they think he would be more likely to win than would any other Democrat. But the eminently practical politician whose eye is on the local job is likely to be opposed to Smith because his nomination might so upset things that the local jobs would go to Republicans. They say that in selecting a nominee for the Presidency the party must consider the interests of the numerous men who will be on the ticket with him in State and county contests. They see insuperable difficulties in making the welkin ring for a wet for President and for drys for the local offices. And Alabama and Mississippi are overwhelmingly dry in their local affairs.

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Those opposed to Governor Smith are not inclined to ask many questions about him. While they admit that there are many things about him which they do not know, they believe that they do know thoroughly those things about him which determine their position.

On the other hand, those who favor his nomination would like to know more about him. They talk of making an effort to have him come South and make some speeches. They have faith in the personality which they have heard so much about—faith that it could make converts of a part of the opposition.

But in twenty-five years of watching from the press table I have never seen many hard-headed Southern Democrats converted by a personality. They would like the personality of Al Smith, as they would of Al Jolson. But they would no more vote for the personality of Al Smith—well, no more than they would for the personality of Al Jolson.

They may possibly vote for wrong principles, but they vote for principles.

Fear

(*Continued from page 295*)

motest, of the same political party. As regards yourself and the man who lives next door to you, you wish him well, but not so very well. Even if he is a member of the same church as yourself, you do not wish him so inordinately well. Whereas if he does not belong to the same church as yourself, and if, in addition, he does things a little out of the ordinary, such as walk in the street without a hat, you do not wish him well at all. In any case, as regards your neighbor and yourself, although you have no desire to see his house burn down or his children killed in a motor accident, a most modest worldly success will do very well for him, as far as you are concerned. For these and other reasons sufficiently naïve and self-revealing, you take it as a matter of course that, of the many persons involved in the recent agitation in Boston, those who were not in the thing for what they could get out of it were revolutionists of the most flagrant dye. It is impossible for you to conceive that men could weep in public and women permit themselves to be thrown in jail because (as it seemed to them) the blue hem of Justice was being dragged in the mire. In the world in which you live Justice is a woman of stone above a court-house door.

As I said before, I am not sufficiently idealistic to share the political opinions of these men with whose fate I am concerned. It is impossible for me to be an Anarchist, for I do not believe in the essential goodness of man; man is quite patently, to my sight, the worm of the Moody and Sankey hymns. Except for this fact, I should of course think twice before writing as I do. For, although I was born in this country, and am possessed of that simple right of the citizen to hold any opinions he may choose and to express any opinions he may hold, yet to avail one's self of this right and express opinions contrary to the opinions of the majority may become, as we have lately seen, a folly punishable by the extreme correction. For surely you are not still insisting that these two poor wretches were put to death solely for the crime of murder? You and I both know that we must be careful, not only what we do, but also what we say, and even what we think, if we would not have one day our sleep brutally broken in upon and ourselves rudely forced to enter a place where we do not at all wish to go. And surely you will not deny that, if you would remain undisturbed, it is more important to be on the side of the established order of things than to be innocent of even the grossest crime?

As I said before, I dare say these things because I am not an Anarchist; but I dare say them for another reason, too: because my personal physical freedom, my power to go in and out when I choose, my personal life even, is no longer quite as important to me as it once was. Death even, that outrageous intrusion, appears to me at moments, and more especially when I think of what happened in Boston two months ago, death appears to me somewhat as a darkened room, in which one might rest one's battered temples out of the world's way, leaving the sweeping of the crossings to those who still think it important that the crossings be swept. As if indeed it mattered the least bit in the world whether the crossings be clean or foul, when of all the people passing to and fro there in the course of an eight-hour day not one out of ten thousand has a spark of true courage in his heart, or any love at all, beyond the love of a cat for the fire, for any earthly creature other than himself. The world, the physical world, and that once was all in all to me, has at moments such as these no road through a wood, no stretch of shore, that can bring me comfort. The beauty of these things can no longer at such moments make up to me at all for the ugliness of man, his cruelty, his greed, his lying face.

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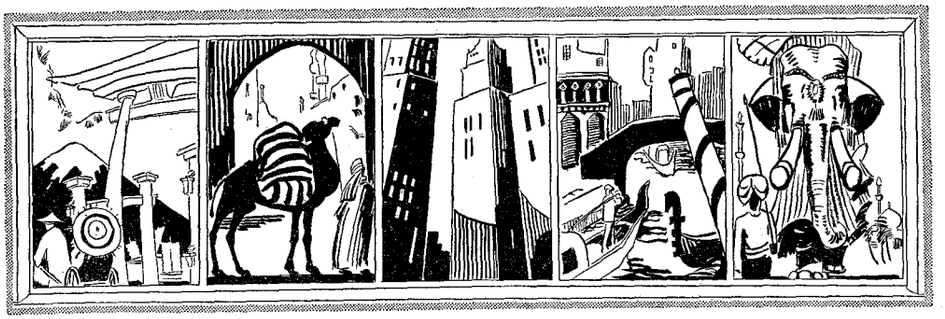

Windows on the World

By MALCOLM WATERS DAVIS

THE DICTATORS OF EUROPE give short shrift to their foes. In Lithuania Premier Waldemaras is suppressing opposition to his Government—which a military revolt put in power last year—and a court martial has tried and sentenced to execution an army captain and five soldiers affiliated with the Socialist Party, charged with attempting an armed uprising. Across the line in Russia, the Soviet Court has put to death three formerly wealthy aristocrats charged with espionage on behalf of Great Britain.

Conservative and Communist—the methods are alike. A German Communist has argued recently in a public speech that political executions are not justified in capitalistic countries, but are justified in Soviet Russia because there they represent extermination of the enemies of Communism, and presumably would be justified in any other country under revolutionary rule. A good many reactionaries in capitalistic countries think the same thing—in reverse.

KASARINOV, *a low-paid match-factory worker, won first prize in the Soviet Air League lottery last summer—a trip around the world with first-class accommodations. He started out in khaki shirt and trousers tucked in his boots, and returned lately to his provincial town of Rybinsk in a smart tweed suit, a snappy felt hat, yellow dogskin gloves, silk socks, and patent-leather shoes. He told the home folks he was going to try for a diplomatic post abroad. The peasants stroked his suit, admired his socks and shoes, and asked what the outfit cost—to discover it was about the same as a khaki shirt and working trousers and boots in the Soviet stores!*

So Kasarinov's trip may prove a revelation to more Russians than himself.

EXILED FROM CHILE, the former President Alessandri arrived a few days ago, with the one-time Minister of Foreign Affairs and other political companions, in the capital of the Argentine Republic. The Chilean dictator Ibanez, whom an army coalition placed in control, sent the man who was known as the "Commoner President" out of his own land, where his presence apparently embarrassed the military administration. The *rotos*, the ordinary rank and file of the working population, liked him too well.

The Chilean Government did not want to have Alessandri and the other exiles go to the neighboring Republic of Argentina, perhaps to stir up antipathy to the existing régime in Chile. But the Argentine Ambassador disregarded its request and visaed their passports.

In an address at Buenos Aires, Alessandri declared that his public life was ended. His expulsion and his speech seem to make it conclusive—but in South America you never can tell. He also asserted that while he was in office he had done all he could to further an amicable adjustment of the Tacna-Arica boundary dispute between Chile and Peru, in which all South America is interested because of the threat to peace it involves. A great crowd of Argentineans and Chileans greeted him with cries of "Long live the lion Alessandri!" "Down with the military dictatorship!" and "Long live democracy!" He gave three cheers for Argentina, calling it the land of democracy and liberty.

For the present, nevertheless, Chile seems to have solved the great North American problem of what to do with ex-Presidents.

EXECUTION BY LOT *is the fate of Alfredo Jauregui, of Bolivia. He is one of four men convicted of assassinating the former President, General Pando, ten years ago. They cast lots to decide which one must die for the murder. Jauregui, the youngest, drew the black ballot. At once an appeal on his behalf went to the President.*

By not being a citizen of the United States, what a chance he missed to be a hero of the tabloids!

COMMON SENSE AND COMPROMISE have won a new victory in South Africa for the unity of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

The Union of South Africa is a particularly independent member of the Imperial system. With General Hertzog, the chief of the Boer Nationalists, as Prime Minister, the Union has shown a special disposition to challenge British authority. In recent months a dispute about a proper South African flag has divided the country.

Hertzog and his party, supported by the Labor Party, wanted "a clean flag"—by which they meant a flag that did not recall the defeat of the Boers by the British. They suggested a design that did not include the Union Jack or the flags of the Boer republics that fought Great Britain. General Smuts, formerly Premier and leader of the more pro-British Boers, and the Britishers in South Africa protested and called for a design including both the British and Boer banners.

Now, by an agreement worthy of the traditions of the most effective British diplomacy, the quarrel is ended. Two flags—a South African ensign and the Union Jack—are to symbolize the position of South Africa in the Empire. The Union Jack will fly alone over South African official buildings abroad, and together with the South African flag in Natal and all important ports and

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What Is the Matter with New England?

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

FOR a small section New England now and then succeeds in creating quite a stir in the country. The five New England States have a total population less than that of the single State of New York. In area Texas could accommodate three New Englands and have enough territory left to take in New York State without crowding. Political or intellectual influence evidently cannot be measured in square miles or bank clearings.

Nevertheless, there is some quality or characteristic in New England that occasionally incites an attack upon her which is wholly unexplained by her size and material power. Such an attack has been provoked, I regret to say, by a perfectly innocent article of mine in these pages. It comes in the form of a letter which, I surmise, the writer intended to be no more flattering to me than to New England. Still, I may be mistaken, for I am of English ancestry (very remotely, of course), and may have inherited some of that stupidity which more than one capable English critic has thought to be characteristically British. The kindly and amiable Charles Lamb once published the following epigram at the expense of a London weekly journal of the "New Republic" type:

> On English ground I calculated once
> How many blockheads—taking dunce by dunce—
> There are four hundred (if I don't forget),
> The readers of the "Literary Gazette."

And coming a little after Lamb, James Robinson Planché, the successful playwright, records the judgment of George Bartley, a popular London actor:

> Of the intelligence of a British public Bartley's opinion was not flattering. "Sir," he would say to me, "you must first tell them you are going to do so and so; you must then tell them you are doing it, and then that you have done it; and then, by G–d" (with a slap on his thigh), "perhaps they will understand you!"

Perhaps I might understand my correspondent better if he would write me a little more clearly what he has done, is doing, and proposes to do to rid the country of the incubus of New England. Possibly he is working at some plan with Mayor Thompson, of his city, to whom the word England, with all its derivatives, is anathema.

But let me hasten to print the letter of my correspondent, who writes from Chicago, and leave the question of my stupidity to be decided by my readers:

> I read with interest your article on "A New England Grandfather," which appeared in The Outlook for September 14. In part you said: "What is it that has given New England such an influence on the rest of the country? Here are five States without mines, without great farms, without wealth-producing natural resources—unless an unsurpassed seacoast indented with safe and beautiful harbors is a resource—and yet New England has contributed more men, energy, intellect, and capital to the upbuilding of the Nation than any other section of equal area."

You might have explained this by saying that the resources of the South and West, particularly of the South, have made her what she is. The first wealth, as you know, New England ever had in her life she obtained through selling Africans at a big profit as slaves to the Southern people. The Hartford "Courant" in July, 1916, said that "Northern rum had much to do with the extension of slavery in the South. Northern people took rum to Africa and exchanged it for Negroes, brought the Negroes to America, and sold them to Southern people for slaves, so that Boston as well as Connecticut had made snug fortunes at that game." Harvard and Yale were built with slave-trade money and kept up on it. New England built her churches and paid her preachers with that filthy lucre. She bought her Bibles and Prayer-Books with the same sort of money. She built her good roads, railroads, libraries, schools, improvements of every kind, and fed her hungry stomach with the same sort of filthy money. And then, when she needed an excuse for a political and economic war on the South in 1861, to force her to remain in the Union where New England could use her for a good thing, to get the South's cotton and other raw materials with which to complete New England's manufacturing system and grow in wealth, the slavery question, which New England had been most guilty of causing, served her purpose. She (New England) went to war and murdered a million souls and destroyed everything the South had just to put money into her own pockets. New Englanders freed the South's Negroes for spite and kept the money, and they have it in their pockets yet. New Englanders go to church and bow and scrape around with money in their pockets that was not only obtained from a nefarious business, but it is not now theirs, and they imagine that the whole world looks on them as the most religious people on earth, and the Lord's chosen people. They are the biggest hypocrites on earth. And that class of trash is posing as America's leading citizens, and you and other writers are helping them to get away with it.

Since the war of 1861, when the South was down and couldn't help herself, New England's untruthful historians from Harvard and elsewhere have written history to suit themselves, and through this untruthful history favorable to New England and against the South and others New England has risen to a high place in the eyes of the people of the world. The story of New England, like the story of the life of Lincoln since his death, have been made to order by untruthful people, and these untruths originated in New England. The capital New England has used in "the upbuilding of the Nation" was obtained in a dishonorable way. The brains she "has given" in the upbuilding of the Nation were furnished by the whole Nation; she never produced them. Most people who have gone to Harvard and Yale have gone there from other sections of the country. Harvard and Yale have risen to their high places as a result of the war of 1861, when they could have their own way and write and teach history to suit themselves. There was nobody to call them down "on the other side" for misrepresenting the facts. They taught the people that they fought for a good cause in 1861, that they have always been a deeply religious people, and all that sort of tommyrot, and the ignoramuses throughout the country have believed it and still do. In reality, they fought for their own financial interests, and now they are hiding be-

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Speaking of Books

A New Literary Department

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

Napoleon and Bismarck

"WITH me, as you know, the great men come first and the military heroes last. I call those men great who have distinguished themselves in useful or constructive pursuits; the others, who ravage and subdue provinces, are merely heroes." This quotation from Voltaire is used by Ludwig on the title-page of "Genius and Character" (Harcourt, Brace & Co.). It is significant because in his great biographies of Napoleon, which is still on the list of best-selling books in America, and of Bismarck, just published, Ludwig's chief interest, or at least the chief interest which he arouses in his readers, is in those aspects of the genius of his protagonists which would have made them great in other fields than the military and political. This is in part the result, as it may have been the object, of Ludwig's emphasis upon the youth, background, training, and early mental attitudes of his subjects. This emphasis calls at once upon the reader's interest and sympathy, since it gives him the sensation of watching the development of character and of assisting at the unfolding of genius and at its slow turning toward the particular sun of its destiny.

In both Bismarck and Napoleon the qualities which make the dreamer potentially the only man able to carry on the torch of culture, civilization, and life were dominated and swept into action by personal ambition. Both were men who dreamed and lived their dreams, as are all the great and incredible figures of human history. Napoleon's was a dream of the Bonaparte, Corsica, triumphant. He was able to subdue to the service of that dream even his immediate loyalties to those Bonapartes for the sake of the ultimate loyalty. He was tragically unsuccessful in his personal contacts, constantly disappointed in people. The veneration, the adoration he inspired was the adoration of humanity for an incomprehensible and implacable god. He mastered by spiritual force. Bismarck was the man of intellect. He mastered by the use of it. Even as a youth he had the onlooker's attitude, the attitude of a man bestriding his world and watching petty men walk under his huge legs. It was the cynic's. He watched them with the eyes of a cynic, not with the eyes of compassion. And he controlled them by his keen and dispassionate understanding. The personal contacts of his life were successful when he honestly desired that they should be; uniformly they worked according to his plans. His inward conflict was of pride with ambition. With a little less ambition, he would have been too proud, as an aristocrat and a Junker, to have turned his superior intellect even to the service of his country. He despised the people who made up that country, and their attitude toward him was that of puny creatures to a giant whom they must obey lest he move his foot and crush them.

Ludwig's dramatic power, which would tempt any reader into superlatives, makes the "Bismarck" biography as vivid a piece of work as the "Napoleon," and one as fitted to be widely read and admired and discussed. But it seems to this reviewer unlikely that it will be in America. There is something for every American man in Napoleon. The urge to command, the dream of power, the fine courage, combined with the childish incompetence in personal relationships, these touch us nearly. And Napoleon is a romantic figure. France is the country of great and stirring story. The Napoleonic period is widely known, fairly understood. But Bismarck is no figure of romance. Visually we have seen Napoleon as Ingres saw him, in passionate and impetuous youth, or lapped in ermine with the iron crown of Lombardy upon his head. Bismarck we mostly know in a cheerless photograph which looks much like a bad-tempered postman. How can the mere romance of intellect overcome that? America concerned herself little with Bismarck's Germany—as little as it concerned itself with her. The times are not known, the setting is wholly strange, and Ludwig's book does little to elucidate it.

The "Bismarck" should be as popular as the "Napoleon," taken on merit as a work of great distinction. But the "Napoleon" is full of talking points for us. The "Bismarck" is not. Ludwig places himself by it as unquestionably the finest exponent of the psychological biography now writing, and anything that he writes is eminently worth reading. But "Bismarck" is a book for Germany, primarily. "Napoleon" seems to be a book for the world.

What They Are Reading

THE FOLLOWING LIST OF BEST-SELLING BOOKS is compiled from lists sent us by telegram on Saturday by the following bookshops: Brentanos, New York; Old Corner Book Store, Boston; Scrantoms Inc., Rochester; Korner & Wood, Cleveland; Scruggs, Vandevoort & Barney, St. Louis; Kendrick Bellamy Company, Denver; Teolin Pillot Company, Houston; Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. We asked these stores to co-operate with us each week because we believe that they are representative of the taste of the more intelligent readers in their communities. The books which are most in demand in these shops are usually those which are most discussed. We believe that they are the books which Outlook readers will want to know more about.

Fiction

JALNA. By Mazo de la Roche. Little, Brown & Co.

If you like clever though two-dimensional character drawing, an unexploited setting, and the spontaneity and freshness which denotes a sincere and enthusiastic author, you can probably overlook the rather conspicuous defects in this book and enjoy it. It was reviewed at length last week.

THE THUNDERER. By E. Barrington. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Those who enjoy fiction dealing with historical personages will find this book unsentimental, extremely vivid, and interesting throughout. The author is particularly successful in her portraits of the Empress Josephine and of the minor Bonapartes.

DEATH COMES TO THE ARCHBISHOP. By Willa Cather. A. A. Knopf.

This, the biography in novel form of the great Roman Catholic bishop to the Southwest, is a book for any reader sensitive to beauty of concept and of style, to sincerity of feeling, to richness in character drawing and in description.

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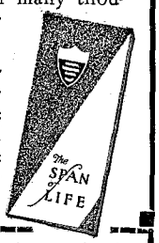

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Hotel and Travel Bureau
THE OUTLOOK
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Reviewed at length in the issue of October 26.

THE GRANDMOTHERS. By Glenway Wescott. Harper & Brothers.

You will find in this saga of an American family the wisdom, tenderness, and beauty which are found only in the work of men set apart by great gifts. It is the year's most notable contribution to American fiction, and one of the finest pieces of prose that we have produced.

KITTY. By Warwick Deeping. A. A. Knopf.

You will like this if Deeping's machine-made stories plus his gift for creating agreeable and living people and his sentimental outlook satisfy you. But don't expect another "Sorrel & Son."

Non-Fiction

MOTHER INDIA. By Katherine Mayo. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

If your household remains one of the few into which this remarkably able reporter's horrifying account of some conspicuous phases of Indian life has not gone, you should probably secure it at once, and have it over with. In the interest of justice, though, one might suggest that some of the Indian and Anglo-Indian comments upon it be read as well.

NAPOLEON. By Emil Ludwig. Little, Brown & Co.

Reviewed in this number.

WE. By Charles A. Lindbergh. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

If there remains something for you to learn about the young hero, you will find it here, simply told. This should be a classic for American boys.

NOW WE ARE SIX. By A. A. Milne. E. P. Dutton & Co.

If you enjoyed Christopher Robin's earlier verse, you will want to read this. If you did not, that is too bad. If you have not read "When We Were Very Young," you should take both the books home with you this evening.

THE COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE. By Judge Ben B. Lindsey and Wainwright Evans. Boni & Liveright.

This is a book which every thoughtful person, honestly interested in social progress, should read. Judge Lindsey's views are founded upon his experience and observation, and rightly command respect and attention. Judge Lindsey offers a solution of marriage and divorce problems and a cure for the shameful hypocrisy of present conditions. Whether his views are sound, whether they are arguable, it is not in this reviewer's province to discuss. You will find no demagogic oratory in this book, no anti-social argument. You will find wise, sane, documented exposition of the ideas of a man of wide experience, sympathy, and intelligence. In view of the fact that the social questions treated in this book are much discussed at present and greatly in need of even more general and sober discussion, it is to be hoped that the book will be widely read.

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over exact definitions or pronunciation of words; over the identity of historic characters; over questions of geography; over points of grammar, spelling, punctuation, or English usage. Look your questions up in

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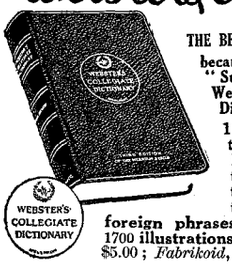

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The Inevitable Leeway

ASPECTS OF THE NOVEL. By E. M. Forster. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

This reviewer, venturing to examine Forster's examination of some aspects of the craft of which he is so sure a master, is in the position of the very small cat

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who is able to look at a king calmly enough and to report details of court life, but whose only possible comment upon a king of beasts is: "Oh, I saw an enormous and very handsome cat. Come and look."

In "Aspects of the Novel" Forster presents, through a series of lectures delivered at Cambridge, his ideas on certain vital elements in the novel. His book is one which will speed even the most constant of readers farther upon the path of his delight. It is so animating a thing that it is hard not to interrupt one's reading of it with applause and excursions to some particular book, long since known and loved, but touched by his hand into renewed and fuller life. It has that ever-welcome grace of saying clearly and brilliantly what many of us have groped for with dull wits.

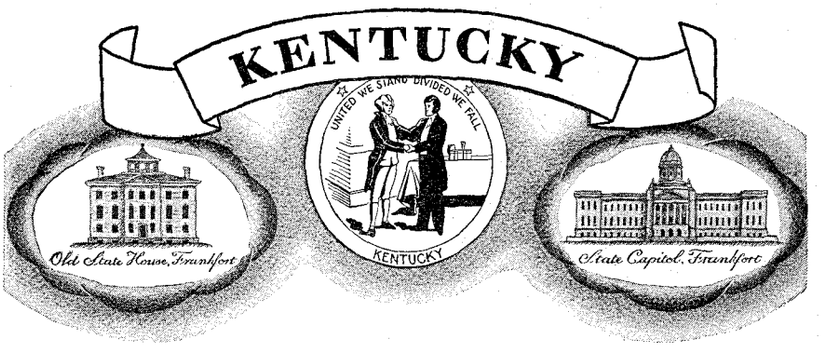
The book is not a text-book for students or critics. Forster calls himself a pseudo-scholar and addresses such. As a matter of fact, he addresses every one who has more than a casual interest in the writing or the reading of fiction. In his lectures he gives no history of the development of the novel, either chronologically or by schools. By his already familiar skill in evoking the imaginations of his readers he carries us at first into a great round room where we catch our novelists from Defoe to Joyce, pens in hand, papers white before them, in the very act of creation, and discover unsuspected similarities in view-point, taste, and manner of writing. And, having rid ourselves by this means of the dating element in thinking about fiction, we are carried on to a discussion of the factors which compose it in a manner so engaging and from a standpoint so lucid and comprehensive that, whatever our own theories or predilections, we are absorbed and stimulated.

Forster devotes lectures—chapters in the book form—to various aspects of the novel. In discussing pattern he uses Henry James as protagonist. He permits us to supply our own examples of rhythm. Obviously, it is the motive of inexorable fate in Hardy's work which prompts us to call out to his characters (the Mayor of Casterbridge is the one this reviewer thinks of at once): "What is the use of this struggle for peace? Give it up. Look who's writing you." The divinity of humanity soars in ascending chords through Tolstoy. There are interludes, grave and gay, on fantasy and prophecy. And here conscientious readers who have tried unsuccessfully to read Melville, Lawrence, Joyce, and have repined therefor, receive valuable advice from Forster, who reminds them that when one goes out to hear a prophet humility should be taken along, and the sense of humor left behind.

Forster, admitting wistfully that the novel must tell a story, still gives it scope to include such books as "Marius, the Epicurean" and Percy Lubbock's enchanting "Roman Pictures." The examples which he uses throughout which lie in the field of modern fiction should be valuable to those readers of the classics of fiction who are reluctant to try the new. This reviewer was particularly happy to find a good deal of space devoted to "Of Human Bondage," and to other less notable but fine modern books.

After all, Forster is a novelist himself, and a good one. If he pictures the novel, in many hands, as a sort of cockpit into which the author drops plot and characters to fight it out between them, it is not because his own work shows any such conflict. Most readers will agree that the finest novels are those in which the fight has resulted in a draw which leaves no bitter feelings on either side. Certainly in Forster's own books, "The Passage to India" and "The Room with a View," people and plot have achieved triumphant amity. Those might well be read again.

THE editor of this department will be glad to help readers with advice and suggestions in buying current books, whether noticed on this page or not. If you wish guidance in selecting books for yourself or to give away, we shall do the best we can for you if you will write us, giving some suggestions, preferably with examples, of the taste which is to be satisfied. We shall confine ourselves to books published within the last year or so, so that you will have no trouble in buying them through your own bookshop.



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Financial Department

Conducted by WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

Gilt-Edged Bonds

THIS department will furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to advise the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this service. Not more than five issues of stocks or bonds can be discussed in reply to any one inquirer. All letters should be addressed to The Outlook Financial Department.

PUBLIC attention has been drawn to stocks in the past two years as never before. In part this is a natural symptom of a bull market and prosperous times. In part it is due to an awakening to the real value of equities in the investment list—to say nothing of their value as speculations.

To a certain extent it has become fashionable to decry bonds, if not to deny altogether that they should have a place in any well-balanced investment list. It is pointed out, against bonds, that they represent debts; that they do not show appreciation; that the income return from them is fixed; and that because the income is fixed the bondholder in a time of rising commodity prices suffers an actual decline in earnings.

These arguments are not at all specious. They are sincerely put forward by thoughtful and experienced bankers and economists and they contain much valuable truth. But, in spite of them all, bonds have not been and, in our opinion, never will be left solely to the investment portfolios of institutions such as insurance companies and savings banks. They will continue to hold a stable place in the average man's and woman's investment list.

The reasons are not far to seek, but before giving them let us attempt to modify some of the extreme "anti-bond" statements of common-stock advocates.

One of these is that bonds do not appreciate.

From a narrow, literal point of view this allegation can be substantiated. For example, if you buy a 5 per cent bond at par and hold it till maturity, you will receive par at that time—no more and no less. Your income will be exactly $5 per $100 invested. But if you buy a 5 per cent bond at 95 and hold it till maturity, you will have an appreciation of 5 points—not large, perhaps, but a 5 per cent increase of principal with little or no risk. If your bond is callable at 110, and if it is called before maturity, you will have an appreciation of 20 points, which is well worth while.

Looking solely at the income side of the bond situation, in addition to a well-assured fixed income—which is more to be desired than a declining income—you have from a 5 per cent bond bought at 95 a real income on the capital invested of better than 5 per cent, as a matter of fact a return of 5.25, not taking into consideration the advance in price from 95 to 100, or, in case of a call, to 110.

It is true that the appreciation in bonds is a limited appreciation, but it is a sure appreciation and one not attended with any particular degree of risk.

The regulator of the price of bonds is, in the last analysis, money rates. If money drops to 4 per cent, a 5 per cent or 6 per cent bond tends to rise in price, and *vice versa*. If, therefore, we are in a period of gradually falling or consistently low interest rates, bond prices should continue high or should rise, and appreciation, irrespective of call features, should be considerable. This is the attractive speculative element in bonds.

Another anti-bond argument of some force is that a bond is a debt, that it is the instinct of the debtor to get rid of his debt as soon as possible, and that the bond-owner cannot be expected to participate in the growth and prosperity of the company as does the stockholder.

Now we can see no reason against owning a share in a debt of a well-established and prospering corporation, even in spite of the fact that the interest rate on the debt does not increase or the debtor declare stock dividends on the debt.

Business and governments could not continue without debts, and there is a very great social advantage in having these debts so financed as to increase the number of creditors. It is also to the advantage of the average investor to be able to participate in the great volume of debt which is needed in industrial, public utility, and municipal enterprises.

True, the debt may be defaulted either as to interest or principal and the holder will suffer. But it is a risk that is incidental, not inherent.

We have never been able to agree with those who try to set up a case for bonds vs. stocks, or *vice versa*, with no compromise between these two classes of investments. No one can deny, however, that in any given case careful study will show that stock is better than a bond, or bond better than stock. A school-teacher with a small savings account between her and the world inherits $1,000. Had she best put this into a "triple A" bond or a good investment stock? Unless there are circumstances which make it possible for her to run the risk of a decline in the stock market, and unless it is impossible for her to get a relatively short-term bond at a conservative interest rate, she had best buy the bond. We would advise it. In other cases, for other reasons and under other circumstances, we would emphatically advise an investment stock.

The bond that, under certain conditions, is convertible into stock, or that has warrants permitting the purchase of stock at certain rates, is a well-conceived attempt to bridge the gap between these two classes of security. "Convertibles," of which there are many on the market, are well worth careful study. Because of the magnificent earning power of a certain corporation and because one of its obligations can be converted into common stock, there has been within recent years a rise of over 100 per cent in the market value of this obligation. The buyer of bonds should be alert to these opportunities.

In these paragraphs we have not tried to set forth anything but the more or less obvious factors which should be borne in mind by the investor and to warn investors against thinking that stocks are no good or bonds no good when making investments. The truth is not on the surface. Here are two absolutely different types of investments which have different functions, serve different purposes, are intended for different ends. He is extremely foolish who fails to recognize this fact and to be led astray by accounts of fortunes made in stocks, forgetting that fortunes are also lost in them too. Rarely does either happen in bonds; their function is to conserve.

W. L. S.

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Windows on the World

(Continued from page 311)

towns. Elsewhere in the Orange Free State and the Transvaal the national ensign will fly alone. It will consist of three broad horizontal stripes of orange, white, and blue, with the Union Jack and the flags of the two Boer republics in the white center stripe. And both Hertzog and Smuts declare that the last issue of racial conflict in South Africa has disappeared.

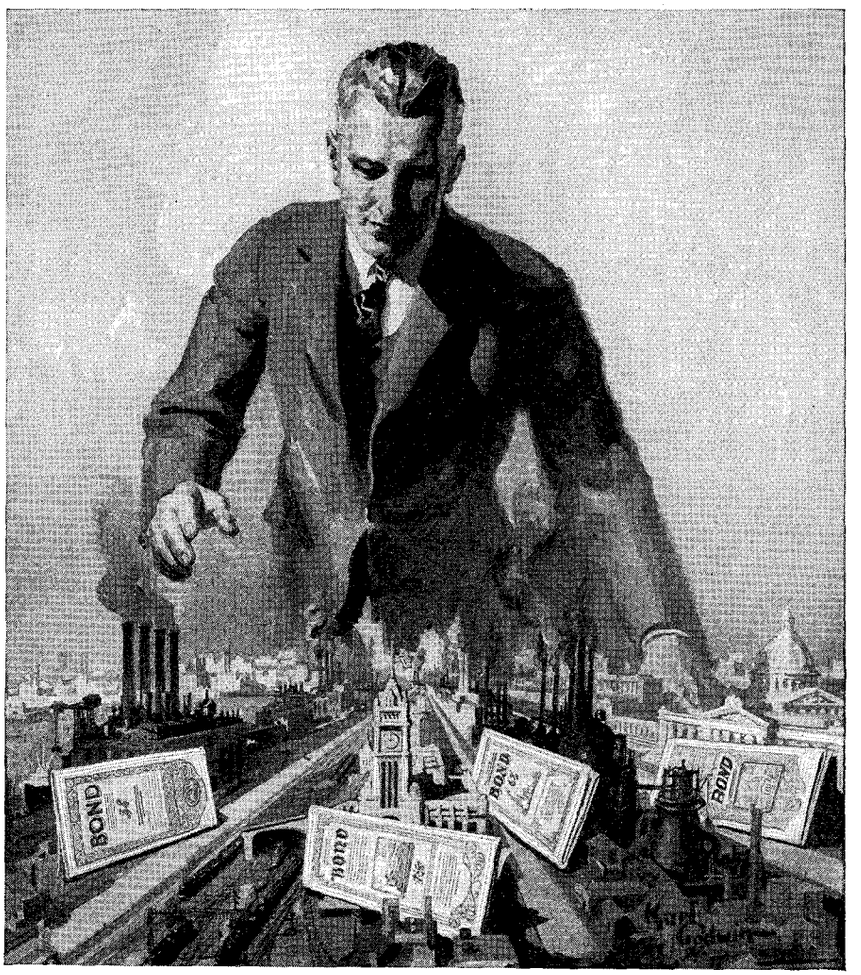
TWENTY-FOUR WIVES *in a harem on wheels are to accompany the King of Arabia and beguile his hours of leisure on his "frequent long trips through desert sections of his kingdom." He has had built in London two motor cars large enough to hold twelve of his spouses—(or is the plural of spouse spice?)—without windows, since other men are not permitted to look upon the royal wives, but with tops open to the desert sun, air—and sand.*

Now there is a husband who shows a brave disdain of what his better twenty-four-twenty-fifths may think and say of him!

THE GREEKS have a Looking-Glass Land way in politics. Pangalos, the former Dictator of Greece, has been found guilty of high treason, by a commission appointed by the Government that drove him from power and set up a different dictatorship. He is not to stand trial for two months, so in the meantime his condemnation in advance will doubtless spare him much needless anxiety as to the outcome. In some slower-minded countries it might be considered unusual to declare a man guilty, and then try him. But no Greek seems to have expressed any surprise at the reverse order.

Over every dictator's door is an invisible sign reading "Exit."

AMEN'S PARADISE *lasting five months a year distinguishes the Eskimo island of Nunivak, off the coast of Alaska. During this period, scientists have discovered, all the male population, "from weaned infants to the oldest patriarch," live apart in a semi-subterranean ceremonial lodge. Only at meal times do women enter to bring food. The men explain that the custom is necessary "to assure a good catch of seals." Perfectly simple—the first Eskimo Rotarians!*



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WANTED — An assistant in household duties. Education and refinement more necessary than experience. 8,143, Outlook.

WANTED—Protestant lady teacher-governess for girl 13. Country. Salary seventy-five dollars per month. Good reference. 8,141, Outlook.

WOMAN wanted as companion. The services as a companion of a woman of social position are sought by a woman of means and culture. Please communicate complete information as to personal history and qualifications, addressing 8,107, Outlook.

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AMERICAN lady, companion-nurse, secretary, managing housekeeper. Young, refined, unencumbered. 8,140, Outlook.

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HOUSEKEEPER-companion, private home or school. Good references, moderate salary. 8,145, Outlook.

NURSE, experienced, for invalid. Excellent physicians' recommendation. Can go anywhere. 8,135, Outlook.

NURSERY governess, exceptional ability. Best recommendations. 8,148, Outlook.

POSITION as housekeeper, to take full charge, desired, preferably in home where young girl needs care and companionship of cultured Protestant American lady capable of giving refined home environment. Accessible to New York. Best references exchanged. 8,147, Outlook.

REFINED middle-aged Protestant American teacher wishes defective child or ailing infant to care for, or position as companion-nurse to elderlies. $25 weekly. New York or New England preferred. 8,122, Outlook.

UNENCUMBERED middle-aged Protestant woman, having had own home in Philadelphia, Pa., for past twenty years, desires position in Christian gentleman's refined home. Fond of young people. Housekeeping, companion, any position of trust. 8,130, Outlook.

WOMAN, refined, practical nurse, seeks position; willing, useful companion to invalid or elderly person. Best of references. Box 292, Roslyn Heights, Long Island.

WOMAN, successful in school administration, wishes to become assistant to principal in private school at end of present school year. 8,146, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

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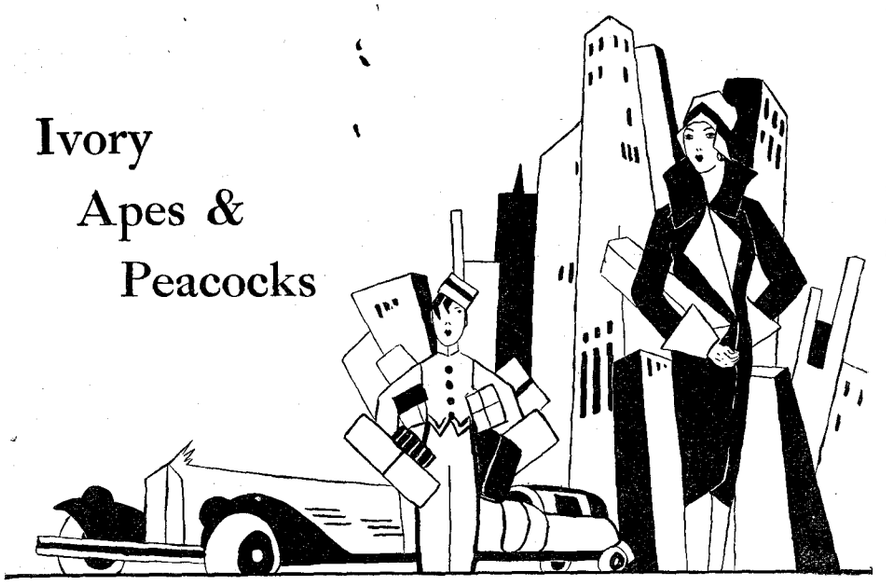

The Newest Contributions of American Genius to the Art of Living

THE genius of America expresses itself in many ways, but in none more effectively than in raising the general standard of living. The best scientific, inventive, and artistic brains in America are being applied to the production of things that minister to our comfort, our amusement, or our sense of beauty.

The editors believe that no view of current affairs is complete that does not include some account of these things.

THE difficulty of keeping beverages cold without diluting them by the addition of ice is not, in this country at least, entirely a hot-weather problem. We have recently seen it solved in two ways. One, by means of a glass jug which contains a removable glass cylinder that acts as an ice reservoir and hangs in the center of the jug.

The other is a silver ball, a little smaller than a golf ball, seen at Ovington's. This ball contains distilled water, and it is frozen in the ice-box and then put directly in the glass which contains the beverage to be chilled.

Ovington's new store offers many suggestions for the last-moment birthday or wedding gift buyer. Besides the silver and glass and china there are many unusual things that are beautiful and not too tricky. The modern art mirrors and lamps and clocks, for instance, or the glittering crystal trees, or the jade trees, six inches high, made by clever Chinese craftsmen with leaves and flowers of varicolored jade, and growing in square cloisonné pots. There are very modern console tables with broad iron legs and black-and-white marble tops, and a nice selection of pewter, some of it consisting of reproductions of fine old Paul Revere designs.

Pewter, by the way, is coming more and more into favor as the beauty of its soft luster is becoming more appreciated. Liberty has recently introduced a pewter which contains no lead and which very closely imitates silver, particularly in the hammered pieces. This pewter is said to do away with the objection which some people had to tea made in old-fashioned pewter teapots, due to a chemical reaction between the pewter and tea, which made the latter taste.

The entrance of the radio into American homes has spoiled the appearance of more than one living-room. Cabinets and loudspeakers of every shape and size, of every imaginable atrocity of proportion and design, have been invited into our houses to squat like obscene beasts at our firesides. Their voices were sometimes sweet, but their appearance was certainly against them.

More recently, however, these creatures have become more civilized. Their makers have spent some thought upon design, so that now—if they don't pretend to be bookcases or sideboards—we can look at them with some pleasure.

Which is a preface to saying that some of the best-looking radio reproducers which we have seen are those made by the Amplion Company. Nearly all the models possess the virtue of simplicity, and the cones in particular are quiet—to the eye, that is—and not overloaded with meaningless decoration. We do not forget that the prime purpose of a reproducer is that it should reproduce, and these do so with much less of the distortion of sound than many which we have heard.

For the smoker who never can remember to keep his pocket replenished with matches the new Diplomat lighter fills the gap between the inexpensive lighters which don't always light and the high-priced ones. This is a well-made, workmanlike, good-looking lighter, which is made in a number of finishes and can be relied upon to do its work quickly and efficiently.

The golfer or yachtsman who hasn't enough Irish in him to get a light from a match in the wind will find at Dunhill's a new sports lighter made for use out of doors. It burns with a flare that will withstand half a gale.

Dunhill has also a new house lighter which is the same width as the pocket lighter, but about four times as long. It will contain enough fluid to last for several months. Then there is the combination lighter and watch, with a small Swiss watch set in the side; and there are many sets of lighter and cigarette case, or lighter and tobacco pouch in leather and enamel.

The House of the Orient
New York

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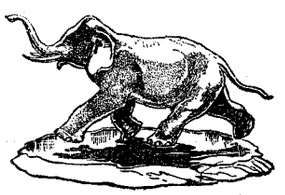

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KISKIMINETAS SCHOOL for BOYS

For pipe smokers there is a new ash-tray with a large cork button in the center to prevent injury to either pipe or tray in knocking out ashes.

For the pipe smoker who always burns his tongue on a new pipe at least one manufacturer is breaking pipes in artificially. They are smoked by machinery until the bowls have sufficient cake to be mellow.

Nothing will make a room look more untidy than to have the pictures hanging askew upon the walls. Some ingenious soul, driven to distraction by the endless task of straightening pictures, invented the Staput, a double-pointed pin, and there is no longer an excuse for crooked pictures. You fix one point of the pin into the back of the frame at the bottom, push it into the wall, and there you are.

A recent development of the vacuum-cleaner is the vacuum-brush, which will do nearly everything that a large cleaner will do, and many things that it won't. Some of these brushes are simply small vacuum-cleaners; others have a rotary brush like that in a carpet-sweeper, which loosens the dust. They are made to be held in one hand, but have also a long handle, so that they can be used on floors.

What Is the Matter with New England?

(Continued from page 312)

hind the Bible to cover up their multitude of sins.

Today, since the South is getting on her feet and keeping her cotton and other resources and manufacturing them herself, old New England is going backward, and has to resort to anything she can to make a living, and thank God for that. New Englanders complain that the South shouldered them out of the textile industry, and the West shouldered them out of the boot and shoe industry. I suppose those brainless New Englanders think the South and West were born to serve them. The pendulum swings as far one way as it does the other, and nothing lasts, not even in politics, and some day old New England is going to get what is coming to her, and I hope to live to see that day come. When it does, I shall rejoice and say, "At last New England is getting her reward, and thank God she is."

You must be a very ignorant person, or you would know how New England got her wealth, and how she "produced the brains that upbuilt the Nation." James Truslow Adams, in his "New England in the Republic," says that if New England had had her way the United States would be a little strip of territory along the Atlantic Ocean dominated by herself. Thank God she didn't have her way! And the time will come when she won't have her way in writing and telling history to suit herself.

However justified my correspondent's excitement about New England may be, I do not think he needed to have become so excited about me. I have never sold rum to benighted Africans or slaves to innocent Southerners. I am not even a graduate of Yale or Harvard, nor was I born in the sink of iniquity described by my correspondent. The vices of Brooklyn, New York, are all I have to answer for. But I will stand by my assertion, which had nothing to do with Yankee vice or virtue, that New England has furnished more brains to the Nation *in proportion to its population* than any other section of its size in the United States.

In substantiation of my statement, I venture to refer to a statistical work compiled and published, not in unscrupulous Boston, but in his own virtuous city of Chicago. I allude to "Who's Who in America." According to the figures in the latest edition of that carefully edited and useful compendium, its editor has selected the names of 24,112 native Americans who have some claim to distinguished achievement. Of these persons 4,042, or about 17 per cent, were born in New England. But New England has only about 7 per cent of the population of the continental Nation. Thus something has given 7 per cent of the population 17 per cent of the leadership, and this calculation takes no account of men and women of New England ancestry born outside of New England territory.

Here is a phenomenon that deserves attention. In the article to which my correspondent takes exception I modestly asked the question, "What is it that has given New England such an influence on the rest of the country?" He thinks it was vice; I think it was virtue—the virtue of well-cultivated and well-used brains. A careful perusal of my correspondent's letter leads me to infer that he was not born in New England.

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